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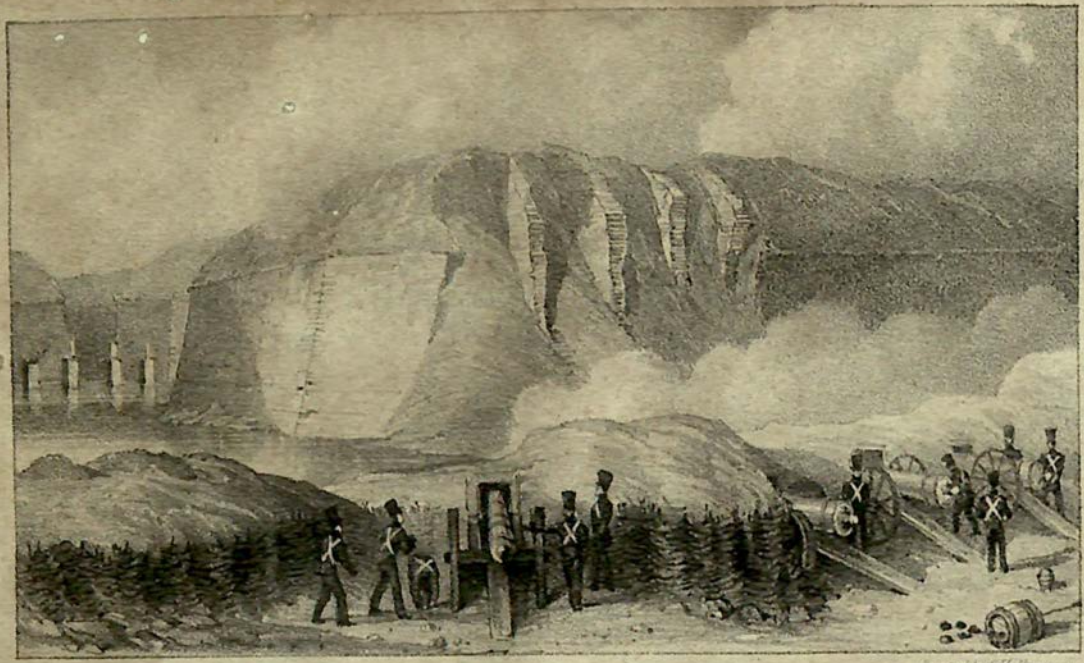

Painted by C. Hillman.

BREACHING BATTERY.

JOURNAL

EXCURSION TO ANTWERP,

DURING THE

36827

SIEGE OF THE CITADEL,

IN DECEMBER, 1832.

BY

CAPTAIN THE HONBLE C. S. W.

Hark! through the silence of the dull, cold night,
The hum of armies gathering rank on rank!
Lo! dusky masses steal in dubious sight
Along the leaguered wall and bristling bank
Of the armed river; while with straggling light
The stars peep through the vapours, dim and dark,
Which curl in curious wreaths;—how soon the smoke
Of hell shall pall them in a deeper cloak.

LORD BYRON.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.
MDCCCXXXIII.

1833

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PREFACE.

A PREFACE, which may appear to be a somewhat inappropriate appendage to the following work, is yet, perhaps, the more necessary on that very account, in order to guard against any mistake of its pretensions.

The ostensible Author does not aim at any minute professional details of the siege; but is only desirous of affording the general reader a sketch of the military operations and incidental events of that remarkable affair. Much is the result of his own personal observations, and the rest has been furnished by communications from his brother-amateurs, and more especially from one among them—an officer of engineers—with whose name

he regrets that he is not at liberty to recommend his pages, but to whom he gladly seizes this occasion for avowing his deep debt of obligation.

General Haxo, the commanding engineer of the French army, has intimated his intention to publish the full professional details of the siege, and it might, therefore, be considered an act of presumption, and (considering the facility generally afforded by the French to the English military visitors, of witnessing the operations) an act of discourtesy also, to attempt to anticipate these details.

March, 1833.

PLATES.

Breach in the Toledo Bastion, to face . . Title.

Parallel, or place of arms; the Vivandière Antoinette Moran in the fore-ground . . 68

Mine sprung in the Bastion St. Laurent . . 117

Plan of the Citadel and the Approaches of the French . . . . . at the end.

THE accompanying sketches were furnished by Mr. Burford, from drawings taken on the spot for his PANORAMA OF THE SIEGE—a most spirited and faithful painting, and calculated to familiarize even the unmilitary spectator with the general features of attack.

For an explanation of the military terms which occur in this little book, see the plan, and list of references to it, at the end of the volume.

SIEGE OF ANTWERP.

CIRCUMSTANCES of private concern alone delayed my departure on the following excursion until Monday evening, the 10th of December. On that evening, however, I left London by the Dover mail, and found myself in the harbour of Calais, at two o'clock of the 11th. Since my great object was to proceed with all possible diligence, I lost no time in making every inquiry as to the departure of the *malle poste* for Brussels, or of any other public conveyance by which I might be immediately conveyed forward; and finding that none would depart before eleven o'clock that night, I

determined to hire a carriage, and proceed immediately by post; and thus, therefore, I set off for Brussels at half-past three. When I arrived at St. Omer, it was with considerable difficulty that I succeeded in obtaining admittance into the town. According to the usual regulations of continental garrisons in strong places, no travellers were to be allowed to enter after six or seven o'clock in the evening, except those who are termed "Couriers du Cabinet," or government messengers. But Lord Palmerston having been kind enough to give me letters to Sir Robert Adair, then minister at Brussels, and to Colonel Caradoc, at Antwerp, who was sent by Government to watch and report the proceedings of the French army before the citadel, I made use of them to get leave to pass

through the town of St. Omer. The postilion, to whom I had given no directions, concluding, as I was travelling by myself, that I must be a government messenger, on his approach to the gate, thundered out with a most authoritative tone, "Courier du Cabinet." The appeal was in vain; and two or three dirty-looking soldiers came to the side of the carriage and demanded my passport. I gave it to them; and when they had examined it, and found that I was not described in the necessary form as with despatches, they affected to feel great regret, but announced the fatal decree, that I could not enter the town. My only prospect, therefore, being either to return to the last post-house, or to sit in my carriage all night at the gates, I resolved to make use of every means in my

power to obtain admittance, and produced my two letters from Lord Palmerston. This appeared to have some effect, and with a little persuasion I succeeded in prevailing upon them to go to the commanding officer, who, after a short delay, very civilly sent me an order to pass through. I proceeded thence without delay through Cassel, and reached Lisle about daylight.

On my arrival close to the town of Enghien, I heard, for the first time, the roar of cannon; the wind blowing from the direction of Antwerp, which was about thirty miles off. When the carriage was moving, the noise occasioned by the *pavé* prevented me from hearing it; but when we stopped, it sounded like rolling thunder at a distance. A squadron of Belgian cuirassiers, however, and a few straggling

soldiers, were the only other signs of my near approach to the scene of action. The effect of cannon at a distance is truly magnificent; and the thought was exciting that I was so soon to be on the spot from whence those thunders came. The postilion, who had asked my permission to drive from the box, interested me much by his account of parts of the French army that had passed through the country in their way to Antwerp, and seemed to be as much excited as I was when I desired him to stop the carriage and to listen.

December 12th, at a quarter to four, I reached the Hotel de Belle Vue at Brussels. My first object on my arrival was to deliver the letter to Sir R. Adair, which Lord Palmerston had given me, and therefore I presently proceeded to his

house, and found him just returned from dinner. Though I had not the honour of knowing him before, he received me most kindly, and expressed a desire to be of use to me by every method in his power. Finding, therefore, that I was already acquainted with Sir Henry ~~Seaton~~ (King Leopold's former aide-de-camp), he immediately sent to announce to him my arrival; and Sir Henry, learning that it was my intention to go on to Antwerp the next morning, obligingly procured me a letter from King Leopold's private Secretary, to Colonel Buzen, the military commandant at that place. On my return to the hotel, after having received every mark of kindness and attention from Sir Robert Adair, I heard with great pleasure, that an old friend of mine, Captain P—r, of the

1st Life Guards, had lately returned from Antwerp, and was at that moment in the house. The hearing thus of a friend, and of one, too, just come from the scene to which all my thoughts and ideas were turned, was most welcome and cheering intelligence; and upon admittance to his room, my first inquiries were naturally directed towards Antwerp, whither it gave me the greatest pleasure to find that the next day he intended to return, and would accompany me.

On the morning of the 13th of December, therefore, at eleven o'clock, we started in Captain P—r's carriage, and posted to Antwerp. In the first part of the journey, we saw nothing that indicated the hostilities which were in activity at so short a distance; and had it not been for

the constant fire of cannon which we heard on the road, and during the whole of the preceding night at Brussels, there was nothing to remind us of those proceedings. A few straggling soldiers were to be seen along the whole way; and as we approached nearer, the numbers increased, till we found the towns and villages chiefly occupied by French troops. They appeared remarkably active, soldier-like men, —very clean, and well appointed. On our arrival at Mechlin, we saw a regiment of French infantry parading in the square, and others of the besieging army passing to and fro.

At a short distance on the other side of the town we met a few covered carts, conveying some soldiers who had been slightly wounded, but who were well enough to be

removed to the rear of the army. As we advanced, the firing became much louder, and the number of French soldiers on the road was greatly increased. At the place where we last changed horses, a person who had just returned from Antwerp came up to the carriage, and strongly advised us not to think of proceeding on the direct road to the town, as the fire from the citadel had constantly passed over it, and it was therefore attended with the greatest danger. He proposed, that we should make a circuitous route of three miles; but my companion, who had had better opportunities of judging of the real danger of the undertaking, despised the fears of our informant, and we proceeded in the direct line. We then passed through the village of Berchem, at about a mile from

Antwerp, where the head-quarters of the French army and of Marshal Gerard were posted, which presented a most lively scene, full of troops, amusing themselves in every sort of way, while bivouacs were formed on the outskirts. Most of the trees and underwood in the hedges were cut down either to make gabions or fascines, or else to erect tents for the soldiers in the camp. The plot thickened as we approached Antwerp.

Before we arrived at the gates of the town there were several marks of shells and shot that had fallen on each side of the road, and in many places had pierced the walls and roofs of the houses. We now heard the firing on both sides, as if close to us, and occasionally saw smoke arising from the French batteries, some of which

were not far from us, on the left. Notwithstanding the occasional danger that existed on the road between Berchem and Antwerp, still the inhabitants of each place passed backwards and forwards, as if nothing was going on to interrupt their usual occupations; and during my whole stay, I only heard of two accidents that happened on the road;—one of which was a man who lost his leg, and the other an unfortunate cow, which was killed while grazing in a field close by. On arriving at the gates of the town, we were asked for our passports, and allowed to enter. We found all the streets approaching to the citadel barricaded,—sentries placed in every direction,—and all the cellar-windows throughout the city filled with mud and straw, and made splinter-proof, in case

of an attack from the citadel. These were the only visible symptoms of the siege then in progress so close to the place; and throughout the streets, the inhabitants, both male and female, were walking about quite unconcerned. We soon arrived at the Hotel du Grand Laboureur, which is situated in a very fine and wide street, a little above the palace of King Leopold, and joined a party of most agreeable English officers, who had been staying there since the commencement of the siege. My friend, Captain P—r, immediately introduced me to them, and I was kindly admitted as a regular member of their society. Our party consisted of eight. We dined together every day, and had a sitting-room entirely appropriated to our use, with separate bed-rooms under the same roof; we

may, therefore, say that we lived as com fortably as at any hotel in London or in Paris, and were not much exposed to the usual hardships and privations occasioned by a state of siege.

Our evening had advanced to half-past eight or nine o'clock, when it was proposed that we should adjourn to the top of the theatre, to witness the siege by night. The theatre was at a small distance from the hotel in which we lived, in the direction of the citadel, and its roof being considerably higher than those of the town in general, it afforded us a most extensive panoramic view of this extraordinary scene. We paid about the value of eighteen pence each for admittance at the door, and were shown up to the garrets of the building, where we found holes forced through, expressly for

the use of the many anxious spectators who came there.

The scene thus presented to us was singular and striking—constant flashes of fire in every direction—shells having the appearance of shooting stars passing at a tremendous height to and from the citadel, occasionally bursting in the air and presenting the innumerable sparks of a fire-work, or falling on the ground, and with a tremendous crash announcing their deadly havoc. In addition to this there was an unceasing fire of cannon and of musketry kept up the whole time, every flash of which was easily distinguished,—and with the light-balls, which were thrown from the Citadel by the Dutch to enable them to judge of the progress of the works of the enemy,—as they remained unextinguished some time

after they fell,—presented a most animating and exciting spectacle. At intervals we heard stray shots whizzing by us at no great distance; but as we were not in the direction in which either party would naturally fire, our danger appeared much greater than it really was.

The operations of the siege had now been in progress for about a fortnight; and the delay which had driven the arrival on the ground of the author of the few preceding pages to so late a date, rendered him unable to extend his personal observations through that period. The deficiency has, however, been more than supplied by the kindness of a friend—one of that military party which he has already enumerated—

whose general assistance he has before acknowledged; and of whose various qualifications for such a task, it would but be presumptuous in him to speak. Having, therefore, conducted his readers thus far along with the course of his own individual narrative, he now invites their interest to a short detail, so furnished, of the events which had brought the contending parties to the position in which he for the first time beheld them.

The following pages profess only to bring down a narrative of the siege of the Citadel of Antwerp from the commencement of the French operations to this point, with a few remarks on the merits of the attack and defence, such as may be acceptable to the general reader, whether military

or civil. But the intense interest with which these events have been watched in England will probably render a few preliminary remarks desirable to the untravelled.

Antwerp has long been considered among the distinguished cities of Europe. Much of its ancient splendour is yet to be traced in the magnitude of several streets, and the grandeur of both the private and public buildings. It still possesses very many claims on the admiration of strangers. The docks are among the finest in the world; it is surpassed by few cities of Europe in the number and rich architecture of its churches; and amidst the magnificent collection of paintings with which it abounds, the city can boast of one—the production of native genius—the richest gem of the art—that might alone

draw votaries from afar to visit the place, and pay homage to Rubens' master-effort —the Descent from the Cross.

The situation of the city on the Scheldt secures to it eminent commercial advantages; but the population, which anciently, and before the rise of Amsterdam as an independent rival, amounted to 100,000*, is now reduced to 60,000 inhabitants. The banks of the Scheldt are low, and the surrounding country is not distinguished by any natural beauty; but the unrivalled industry of the inhabitants has converted the barren sand and wide unbroken plain into a series of rich plantations, adorned with villas, groves and gardens, which, through the indulgence of peaceful years, have been allowed to creep up to the very

* It has been stated as high as 200,000.

lines of defence. Populous villages extend to the gates of the city; and the traveller is only made aware of his approach to one of the strongest fortresses of the Netherlands a few minutes before he enters it.

The city lies on the right bank of the Scheldt, and is inclosed, on the land side, by works of defence, consisting of nine irregular fronts of fortifications, strengthened with several outworks. A strong work, called Fort du Nord, in the form of a pentagon, is situated on the north-east of the city, and about a mile from it, surrounded with a ditch ninety feet in breadth, and nine feet in depth. The Tête de Flandre, on the left bank of the Scheldt, and immediately opposite to the city, is a small work open in rear to the river, and consisting of

a bastion, connected by curtains, with two other bastions which unite with the bank of the river. It has a rampart well fraised*; a ditch of ninety feet in breadth, and six feet in depth; a covert-way, and narrow advanced ditch. There is a small village within the work, and the chaussée from Ghent to Antwerp leads through it. The country round is capable of being inundated. The Scheldt, in this part, is between 500 and 600 yards in breadth, and the ordinary tide rises ten feet. Other small works are scattered along the banks of the river, and in advance of the city. The two principal works, Forts Lillo and Liefkenshoek, that command the immediate approaches to Antwerp by the river, are situated nearly

* Defended by strong pickets of wood, arranged horizontally along a sloping bank, to increase the difficulty of ascent.

opposite to each other, and about nine miles below the city.

Lillo is an irregular pentagon with a front of 150 yards; it has an unreveted, but strongly palisaded, rampart; a ditch ninety feet in breadth; a covert-way well palisaded, and a small ravelin on the land side. It is capable of being inundated to a distance of two miles and a half, and to a depth of three feet.

Liefkenshoek is a square fortress, with a front of 200 yards, and a ditch of ninety feet breadth.

The citadel is situated at the extreme right of the defences of the town, and consists of a regular pentagon, with a front of 380 yards*. It is surrounded with a wet

* Vide the page facing the Plan, in which this term is explained.

ditch ninety feet in breadth, and ten feet in depth; a covert-way, and glacis. The bastions* are intrenched, and have orillons and retired flanks, and the rampart has a demi-revetement*. Each bastion has a casemate* capable of containing 400 men, commencing at one retired flank, and terminating at the other: the whole of the bastions affording shelter for 2000 men. A small work covers the curtain towards the Scheldt, and the three other curtains are protected by ravelins*, or demi-lunes. The defences of the town immediately join the counterscarp*, opposite the curtain* that unites the two bastions Fernando and Toledo. Each front of the citadel towards the country is further protected by an outwork, called a lunette*; and St. Laurent,

* Vide page facing the Plan.

the work first attacked by the French, was the lunette in advance of the front against which their operations were principally directed.

During the fierce struggles between the Netherlanders and Spaniards, in the sixteenth century, Antwerp reaped its full share of high, as well as melancholy, celebrity. It was on the occasion of the Prince of Parma's celebrated siege in 1584, that Forts Lillo and Liefkenshoek were constructed to assist in securing to the city the command of the Scheldt; but their efficiency for this object was destroyed by the stupendous bridge thrown across the river by the Spaniards. The citadel, on the other hand, had been constructed by Alva, in 1567, to overawe the town. The defences have recently been improved and

enlarged, and made reciprocal with the works of the town; but still left capable of an isolated, though then necessarily a less perfect defence. The whole of the ground in the immediate neighbourhood of this work is covered with houses, trees, and gardens; which have been gradually established on the usual conditions,—that, in the event of hostilities, they should, if requisite, be removed.

The traveller totally unacquainted with works of fortification would find difficulty, on his near approach to the citadel by the road from Brussels, in detecting the outlines of the fortress, and in separating its really strong and well-defined works from the surrounding country; the slight elevation of the ramparts*, the blending in of

* Vide page facing the Plan.

the sloping glacis* with the parapet*, so as to cover the wall of the rampart, and totally to hide the ditch, and the absence of any bold or imposing features, completely deceive the inexperienced eye, and disappoint the sanguine expectation. But the experienced soldier well understands that, behind the slightly elevated mounds of earth, and indistinct lines of art before him, a stronghold is established, and the means of stern and bloody resistance can be gathered; that an iron shower can sweep across every approach; and that the apparently insignificant spot is to be won in war only by all the efforts of military science, energy, and courage.

Although it is beyond the scope of this work to review the course of affairs

* Vide page facing the Plan.

which led to the ensuing conflict, it is still necessary to consider for one moment its origin and nature before we can correctly appreciate the position and the conduct of the several parties concerned.

A case like this, where a mediating power interposes to compel, with overwhelming force, a compliance on the part of one of two disputants, with the terms of a definite and limited stipulation in favour of the other, gives rise to several anomalous relations between them which are not incident to ordinary warfare. On the one hand, such a transaction gives to the party attacked the moral dignity of withstanding an attempt to force submission, while it fixes on the third and neutral party a stigma of imbecility. On the other hand, the belligerent negotiator

in the affair unfurls his standard without being impelled by any one of the usual incitements to war. There could be no contest for national superiority; no chivalrous thirst of high achievement against a proud and defying enemy; no necessity of self-defence; no plea for just retribution; not even the covetous desire for aggrandizement of territory; in short, everything is wanting that anciently constituted the glory or the sin of war.

Much of this peculiar nature of the affair was here shown in the *animus* with which the French and Dutch conducted their hostilities. On the one side, it was an affair of science; on the other, of passive resistance. A garrison from any nation in the world would, probably, have been equally acceptable to the French as tenants of the strong-

hold, provided they would sufficiently prolong their defence, to allow of General Haxo and his *corps du génie* advancing in the most approved scientific manner to the breach; while the Dutch, on their part, were probably equally indifferent as to whose colours mocked the air beneath their batteries, and by what nation they were summoned to surrender, provided always the hostile force was not of Belgium. The two armies, indeed, went to their work with very satisfactory consciences. Marshal Gerard marched under the orders of the high negotiating powers to discharge his military devoir, and General Chassé, like a good soldier and loyal subject, stoutly defended his walls agreeably to his king's command; both parties shifting upon their masters the whole moral responsibility

of the affair. But as it is scarcely to be expected from human philosophy that two parties should be engaged in the work of destruction against each other for four-and-twenty days and nights, without eliciting some sparks of anger in their collision, so it appeared that the belligerents, by common consent, diverted the full measure of their wrath from each other to pour it out on the unfortunate neutral party; the Dutch hating the Belgian with all the bitterness of social antipathy, and the French repelling them with as full a measure of contempt.

The position of the Belgian army during this affair was most painful; and many gallant and high-spirited soldiers were galled to the quick at being obliged to look on in tame inactivity, while a foreign

army was engaged in fighting their battle, and sternly imposing on them a strict neutrality. We accidentally witnessed a body of Belgian troops march out of Antwerp, on the commencement of operations, to be replaced by an equal force of French sent by the marshal to occupy certain posts for the better maintenance of the neutrality of the city; and if there be faith in appearances, both officer and private felt deeply the humiliation to which they were subjected by a necessity beyond their control.

Again,—to increase the complication of strange feelings that characterized this whole affair,—the city of Antwerp was divided in its political sentiments; a large portion of the respectable and influential inhabitants was attached to the government of the King of Holland; another portion

was indifferent to anything but a peaceable arrangement; and a third portion (perhaps numerically the strongest) was violently opposed to the Dutch, and zealously attached to the new order of things. These various sentiments were of course strongly displayed during the progress of the siege. The Orangists muttered curses low, but deep, on French and Belgian alike, and privately offered to back "Old Chassé" against all the efforts of the "Marshal" and the Monster Mortar of Belgium to boot. The "juste milieu" looked on with comparative indifference, and contented themselves with hedging their bets on the two combatants; and the revolutionists, or third party, vapoured and flourished, and affected to be greatly annoyed at not being allowed to take the citadel themselves; and

though bitterly hostile to the Dutch, they were yet secretly, but obviously, gratified at any apparent error or failure of the French.

The result of the siege and the termination of the existing state of things were anxiously looked for by all parties. Trade and commerce had suffered severely, social disunion prevailed throughout the city, and very many respectable families had quitted their homes on the approach of the French army. There was, also, a distinct cause of anxiety to all parties. It was not ascertained what measures of retaliation General Chassé might adopt during the siege; and there consequently prevailed some degree of alarm lest he might choose to bombard the city.

The general had, on a former occasion,

given the inhabitants a sample of his means of annoyance in a sortie, and by partially bombarding the city and destroying the arsenal. Precautions had been taken since then to meet a similar attempt: the principal streets or avenues were barricaded, splinter-proofs* were very generally applied to the houses, and formidable batteries of guns, howitzers, and mortars, were mounted on the defences, and directed against the citadel. Rubens' two paintings—the "Ascent to" and "Descent from the Cross," in the cathedral, were carefully protected by large timbers, bags of sand, and hides, from the casualties of a bombardment. Although the alarm prevailed very generally, and

* Logs of timber, or other materials, capable of resisting the fragments of shells on their bursting. The term is used in contradistinction to bomb-proof.

never wholly subsided during the siege, there could have been no serious grounds for apprehending that General Chassé would fire on the town. Such an act would in nowise have benefited his cause, or aided his defence; but, on the contrary, would have ruined a large number of his friends, both personal and political, drawn on him a tremendous fire from the Belgian batteries, and given the French the advantage of attacking him from the town. Indeed, nothing could have justified an attempt on the city but a direct overt act of hostility from it. Europe would have strictly measured the justice of such an attempt; for all Europe would have mourned over the destruction of one of its finest cities,—her numerous works of art,—her splendid buildings,—and above all her

crowning grace and glory, the cathedral, with its precious treasure.

The immediate advance of the French army had been expected during several months, and it was presumed that both parties were fully prepared for the attack and defence when the besieging force at last crossed the Belgian frontier, and approached to invest the citadel.

The French entered Belgium on the 15th of November, and by the 28th of the same month the citadel was fully invested, and the whole of the country in the neighbourhood occupied by their troops.

The army is stated to have consisted of 64 battalions of 800 men each, 12,000 cavalry, 1 troop of horse artillery, 12 companies of foot artillery, 8 companies of engineers, forming a total of about

70,000 men. The ordnance consisted of about—

40 24-pounders,
20 18-pounders,
20 mortars,
20 howitzers;

all of which were of brass.

The army was originally distributed according to the following arrangement:—

Marshal Gerard occupied the village of Bourgerout, about half a mile from the city, as the head-quarters of the army, which, however, were subsequently removed to Berchem. A division under Gen. Sebastiani occupied the village of St. Nicholas across the Scheldt, to watch the Tête de Flandre and the positions on that side of the river. A division was posted at Merxem, communicating by a temporary bridge across the

Scheldt with Sebastiani's division. The Duke of Orleans, with the cavalry, occupied Braschaet, with piquets pushed to West Wesel, and to watch the frontier. A division was held in reserve at Malines (or Mechlin), about twelve miles from Antwerp, and the head-quarters of the artillery and engineers were established at Berchem, in the immediate neighbourhood of the intended operations. The troops also for the immediate service of the siege were quartered in this latter village and the adjoining country.

The troops selected for this army were probably, in physical quality, discipline, experience, and science, the *élite* of the French forces. They were commanded by a highly distinguished officer, and the details were entrusted to an engineer of

splendid reputation. The troops of the ordnance service—those of the artillery and engineers — were among the very choicest of the whole army. The men were physically superior to the rest, and distinguished also for their *morale*. The infantry in general were young, and rather under-sized—men, however, of strength and sinew, and full of activity and intelligence. Of the cavalry we saw little; but, judging from specimens, they appeared to be miserably mounted. The officers were composed of more mixed and heterogeneous materials than the men. With the *débris* of Buonaparte's school was associated a new generation. The officers of infantry were generally from among the former—"vielles moustaches," every one of whom had been everywhere (except at

Waterloo)—captains and subalterns of fifty battles — men who had fought long and bravely, and who, at last, had only achieved the rank of captain and the cross of honour, and many the cross alone, without the rank. Among this class we found but too many who, soured by disappointment, and by hope not deferred but destroyed, were but little disposed to show much civility to the English stranger, and who meted out their courtesy towards us, when we passed them in the trenches, or on the road, with a most sparing spirit. The constitutional gaiety, light-heartedness, and kindly disposition of others had survived throughout their hard fortunes; and from them we had always a ready return to our salute, a good-tempered smile, and a kind warning to look out for the shells

The officers of the staff, and many of the young officers, were evidently of a higher grade in society—men of birth and breeding, and well educated. The contrast between this class of officers and the veterans was remarkable: while the former were full of eagerness and hope, the latter entered on their duties with the usual self-possession and tranquil spirit of men long used to war; their military enthusiasm quenched, by the hopelessness of any favourable personal results; discharging their duty steadily and well, but rather from habit than from any exciting motive. They always, however, appeared to advantage in their intercourse with their men in the trenches—in remonstrating with or encouraging them. It was then that some portion of the old spirit revived in them; there

was a right feeling between the officer and private, more, perhaps, of entreaty than of command on the one side, and less of respect than of affection on the other; but there was a mutually good understanding, and they were fitted to develope each other's qualities. The veteran officer, notwithstanding he had proved the fallacy of his own hopes, always lent an encouraging smile to the joyous excitement and zeal of the young soldier; and the latter repaid it with a ready devotion, though, according to our notions, expressed somewhat irregularly.

The French soldiers commenced the campaign with their characteristic gaiety—a quality encouraged and commended in the general orders of the army. Innumerable instances occurred on the march and during the siege. Colonel W. S. men-

tioned one that he witnessed in the Boulevard at Brussels. A party had halted, after a long march, before his house, and, discovering his children in the garden and his military title on the gate, struck up a dance, and continued it with great spirit for some time. There was sure to be an interchange of smiles and jokes on the road; and the soldier was always more ready to laugh with you than at you: their gaiety—the facility with which they accommodate themselves to circumstances—their ready resource, intelligence, and spirit, (qualities that at all times distinguished the French troops,) were conspicuous on the present occasion, and imparted to the whole campaign much the appearance of what they boasted it would prove—*une promenade de quinze jours.*

On the Sunday (November 25th) pre-

ceding the opening of the trenches, and while the artillery were establishing their park, and the engineers preparing their fascines * and gabions †, the people of Antwerp poured out from the city to witness these preparatory measures, and to mix among the French quartered in the village of Berchem and the neighbourhood. The Sabbath on the continent is a festival of gaiety. Everybody was dressed out in the height of holyday finery. Specimens of the ancient and peculiar costumes of both sexes were sprinkled among the modern and French fashions; the broad, low-crowned hat and ample-skirted coat of the

* Faggots used in the trenches to support the loose earth of the parapet or bank, and to form bridges across the ditch.

† Baskets open at bottom as well as top, filled with earth, and applied, like the fascines, to the parapets of trenches or batteries.

elders, vied with the high crown, the meagre brim, and the eternal blue and black frock of the younger race; and these again were contrasted with the blue smocks and German forage-caps worn by all classes of Belgians. Among the other sex were pretty, round, blooming faces, broadly visible from the Flemish cap with long lappets, and the close bonnet without rim; and there were ears and necks adorned with massive ornaments of the purest gold; gowns of bright scarlet, and stockings of bright blue; pretty feet in shoes with small gold buckles, and others in the unsightly, but useful and economical, *sabot* or wooden shoe. Beauties of the higher class wore only the tasteful lace cap and the dark cloak gracefully folded round them, while a few ultras had imported the *juste milieu* bonnet from Paris

or Brussels. Groups of both sexes and all ages strolled over ground that was soon to be crossed at the peril of life: the day was mild and beautiful, and the laughing, chattering, reckless crowds approached as near to the devoted citadel as the sentries would permit, and within a short range of its guns. The horizontal tricolored flag of the Dutch was hoisted on Chassé's house, and hung listlessly in the air: a sentry, and occasionally an officer or soldier, was seen on the parapet, but there was nothing else to denote that the place was tenanted by upwards of four thousand gallant spirits, hourly waiting the commencement of a fearful contest. Other groups were crossing the ground precisely in the direction of the intended trenches and batteries of the besiegers, or joining in the joke and laugh

with the soldiers engaged in making the fascines and gabions, and working in the parks of the artillery and *corps du génie*. The troops had been so disposed that none were seen in large bodies near the place of operations, and now small parties were idly lounging and mingling with the citizens in the village of Berchem. No stranger, suddenly arriving on the spot, would have conjectured that preparations for an immediate conflict were carrying on, and that other sounds than those of light merriment were soon to be heard in that spot,—where a question was about to be submitted, within a few hours, to a bloody arbitrement, to the solution of which all Europe lent an earnest and most anxious attention.

Meantime the interest excited by the expected siege had brought together several

English officers to the town of Antwerp, who were present during the whole or the greater part of the operations, and to whose experience and observation the author is indebted for much of what is contained in the following pages.

This party of amateurs was assembled in the Grand Laboureur, in the Place de Mer, an old established and excellent hotel. It consisted of Colonel W. Smith, of the Horse Artillery, Lieutenant-Colonel Colin Campbell, late of the 21st Fusileers, Captain Parker and Lord Ranelagh, of the 1st Life Guards; Captain C. Stuart Wortley, Mr. Sterling of the 3d Dragoon Guards, Captain Fitzgerald of the navy, and Captain Brandreth of the Engineers; Colonel Scott, late of the 17th Lancers, Captain Ball of the 8th Hussars, and Cap-

tain Hope, who were also present during the whole of the operations; Sir George Hamilton, and Mr. Doyle of the British embassy at Brussels, occasionally joined the party, and, at different periods, Lieutenant-Colonel Reid, Captain Ricardo, and Lieutenants Blane and Gardiner of the 2d Life Guards, Lieutenant Parry of the 1st Life Guards, Captain Stoddart of the Staff Corps, Lieutenant Colbourn of the Royal Artillery, and Captain Bernard, came over to witness the siege, and to swell the list of visiters. At a subsequent period, Colonel Fanshawe, Captain Macaulay, and Lieutenant Wynne of the Engineers, and Lieutenant O'Brien of the Artillery, arrived; and Colonel F. brought with him his twin sons, the one a Sandhurst, and the other a Woolwich cadet, blooming lads of

fifteen, who came to take an early practical lesson in their profession.

Notwithstanding the alarm that prevailed in the city, and the sudden arrival of so large an army in the immediate neighbourhood, the venerable host of the Grand Laboureur contrived to supply the mess of the amateurs with excellent fare every day, and to furnish all appliances and means that could render the *sejour* of the party to the full as agreeable as on ordinary occasions. The old hotel, indeed, had rarely witnessed so much life and merriment, and for so long a period. It was always filled, and principally with English. Mynheer Loos was a staunch Orangist, and while he sincerely sympathized with Chassé, and lamented his jeopardy, he must have felt the full force of the old adage concerning

ill-winds, as he gathered together the francs from the spectators that the cross gale had blown into his harbour. It is scarcely necessary to say that the feeling of his English guests towards General Chassé and his gallant band fully responded to that of their host. Whatever might have been the political view that any of the party were disposed to take of the merits of the question about to be so sternly discussed, there was nothing to qualify their sympathy and admiration for the septuagenarian chief and his loyal garrison. The feeling, indeed, in favour of General Chassé was pretty general among all people. The French spoke with respect of an ancient and well-approved comrade, and perhaps only the *canaille* or off-scourings of the city, who had tasted of the old man's

discipline on some former occasion, were ever heard heartily to abuse him. His position, indeed, was not altogether unenviable. As a loyal subject and good soldier, obeying the commands of his sovereign, he was exempted from all the moral responsibility of maintaining a hopeless defence, and placed in a situation for testifying, bravely and honourably, his devotion to his king and country. While Holland was held under the French domination, the General had earned the reputation of a gallant soldier, confirmed and sealed by the *soubriquet* of "*General Bayonette.*"

He had also served with distinction under the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo; and now in his old age, and while labouring under infirmities, he was selected by his sovereign to discharge a duty that

appeared eminently calculated to display the best qualities of the soldier. Of the manner in which he discharged this most trying duty, and the merits of his defence, an opinion will elsewhere be offered.

Previous to any overt act of hostility, it was generally understood that a negotiation would be entered into between the contending parties to save the city from the horrors of the conflict. The basis of the negotiation was supposed to be the entire neutrality of the city. This condition compelled the French to confine their attack to those fronts of the citadel that looked towards the country, and as the Dutch had placed gun-boats in the river, the besieging army limited their principal works of attack to the one front in advance of which was the lunette St. Laurent.

General Chassé derived from this circumstance the advantage of concentrating his means of defence. An entire front, with a portion of the one adjoining, was covered by the town; a third was accessible only from the river; and the fourth might be aided, in its defence, by the gunboats. The fifth front, alone, lay directly open to attack from the country. But there were circumstances that very much qualified these advantages, and over which General Chassé had no control. It has been already observed, that the ground in the immediate neighbourhood of the citadel was covered with groves and gardens, intersected with hedges and ditches, and spotted with buildings. These obstructions assisted greatly in masking the operations of the French, and enabling them to

break ground much nearer the fortress than would have been attempted if the country had been cleared within the usual given range. General Chassé was, doubtless, fully aware of this disadvantage; but, shut up in his citadel, and jealously watched in all his movements by a superior Belgian force, he was unable, if, indeed, he had been willing, to destroy the property that thus encumbered his defence.

The General had, also, another disadvantage to contend with, that will be noticed presently. The weather continued remarkably fine for several days previous to the French opening their trenches, and various speculations were afloat to account for their delay in availing themselves of it, when it could scarcely, at that season, be expected to last. It was currently believed

that negotiations were still pending to prevent the final appeal to arms. The French, however, pushed forward their preparations;—waggons, loaded with fascines and gabions, passed daily through the city to the engineers' park; their intrenching tools were brought up, and unpacked in the little church-yard of Berchem; and the artillery were actively preparing for their formidable batteries.

It was obvious that the Marshal, though extremely anxious to commence operations, had decided on waiting till every preparation had been completed, to secure the progress of the works without interruption.

Colonel Caradoc, the British military commissioner, and M. Talguy, the French secretary of legation for Belgium, were lodged at the chateau of a Belgian gentle-

man, near the marshal's head-quarters. The amateurs derived great advantage from the former, as, through his kindness, they procured passports from General St. Cyr, the chief of the Etat Major-General, enabling them to enter the trenches, and witness the operations.

This indulgence was obtained from General St. Cyr by any British officer who procured the required certificate from Colonel Caradoc; and, in general, the officers of the French staff were attentive in forwarding the application of the English, though individual instances of less courtesy occurred; but the general impression was certainly in favour of a disposition to oblige on the part of the French officers.

On the morning of the 30th, while we were still anxiously expecting some move-

ment, we learnt, at an early hour, that the French had marched out with a force of 6000 men during the night—had commenced breaking ground about twelve o'clock, with 1500 workmen—and had then opened upwards of 3000 yards of trench for their first parallel. The whole affair was conducted with so much silence and secrecy, that the Dutch were totally unaware of the occurrence until the morning, when the besiegers had already established cover for their troops. Colonel Caradoc was only made acquainted with the movement of the troops by accident.

A part of the force was drawn from the village of Borgerout, where the headquarters were established; and as they had to pass the road which ran near Colonel Caradoc's house, he perceived them, and

immediately ordering his horse, followed, and arrived in time to witness the whole of the operations. The first parallel, or trench, commenced near the crest of the glacis of Fort Montebello, and about 600 yards from the bastion Toledo; and extended round towards Kiel, maintaining, everywhere, nearly the same distance from the body of the place. A strong force occupied the ground, to protect the working party against a sortie; and the workman commenced his labour by placing his musket before him on the line previously traced by the engineer: he then broke ground immediately in rear of it; and throwing the earth before him towards the citadel, so as to make an excavation about four feet square, three feet deep, with a bank of earth before him about three feet six inches above the surface

of the ground, and about six feet six inches above the bottom of the excavation in which he stood. This was effected with all possible silence and despatch. Colonel Caradoc, on joining our party afterwards at the Grand Laboureur, described the operation as having been conducted in a most masterly style, under the immediate direction of General Haxo. The trench was afterwards widened, and deepened; and when completed was ten feet in width, three feet in depth, and seven in height from the sole, or bottom, of the trench, to the top of the parapet, or bank; behind which the troops assembled, under cover from the fire of the citadel.

The reader, unacquainted with military operations, particularly with those of a siege, will, perhaps, with a little explana-

tion, readily understand the intent of the besiegers' works. The besiegers, having decided against what portion of the fortress they shall first direct their attack, the engineer traces, during the night, the line or direction of the first parallel, or trench, which, when completed, gives the besiegers the advantage of covering a certain portion of their troops from the fire of the place, who are thus prepared to protect their further approach. The next operation is to establish in this parallel several batteries directed against certain portions of the defences, in order to dismount the guns, or silence the fire of the besieged. Trenches are then cut to communicate with a second parallel, or trench, and these communications are so traced as always to have the parapet or bank of earth facing the citadel,

to afford shelter to the troops while passing from one parallel to another. The troops are then advanced from the first parallel to the second; a precisely similar operation is again carried on between the second and a third, or a third and a fourth parallel, until the besiegers have advanced sufficiently near the fortress to establish their battery, for the purpose of making a breach in the wall of the rampart, and forming a passage across the ditch, for the troops to assault the fortress.

The facility and perfect security with which the French conducted their operations on the night of the 29th, without any interruption from the besieged, can only be well explained by two circumstances: the first from the excellent cover afforded by the houses, trees, and gardens, between

the line of their parallel and the citadel; and the second from the expectation, on the part of General Chassé, that this overt act of hostility would have been preceded by a summons.

It has already been mentioned that General Chassé had not the power of removing the first difficulty; the second circumstance gives rise to a question, whether the Marshal ought, in strict fairness, to have commenced so direct an act of hostility, without previously summoning the garrison, when it is considered that the negotiating Powers professed strongly that they were not at war with the Dutch. The summons was sent in at about eight o'clock in the morning after the opening of the trenches, and General Chassé, in his reply, expressed his surprise that hostilities should

have preceded it. The Marshal, in his rejoinder, retorted the charge of first commencing hostility on the General, and alleged in support of his charge, the cutting of the dykes near Liefkenshoek, on the 21st and 24th of November, and a shot fired at a Belgian officer about the same period. He also denied that the act of breaking ground was an act of hostility; but asserted that the first shot which General Chassé fired about twelve o'clock, on perceiving a demonstration among the French, was really the first *act* of hostility.

The cutting of the dyke near Liefkenshoek was a precautionary measure of defence, and could not be interpreted as preparatory to any offensive operations, or excepted to by any party, unless indeed the terms of the armistice, to which the

Marshal alluded, expressly provides against such precautionary measures. The affair of the Belgian officer was not generally known before, nor are the merits of the case at present well understood.

It may be doubted whether any real advantage was gained by the secrecy which attended the opening of the trenches. General Chassé was fully aware of the active preparation for the measure and of the formidable means opposed to him. The excellent cover under which the French worked could not have been destroyed by the fire from the garrison, as it was at no time sufficiently vigorous to interrupt seriously the besiegers' work.

The first shot fired by General Chassé at twelve o'clock, appeared at once to sweep away any lingering expectations that the

affair might terminate in negotiations, and to act as an electric shock on the city. The people poured out from their houses and assembled in groups, waiting with anxiety the result of the negotiations between the Marshal and General Chassé, relative to the neutrality of the town.

A market is held in the Place de Mer, to which the country-people resort with vegetables and fruits. The report of Chassé's gun cleared the place in a few minutes—men, women, and children hastily gathered up their baskets and goods, and were scattered like wild fowl.

A party of amateurs proceeded to the scene of operations under the guidance of their veteran chief, Colonel S. Several towns-people had assembled be-

hind Montebello, looking on, while the French were enlarging the first parallel. A few shots were occasionally fired in that direction; and on approaching the trench, a French soldier in rear, and close to the edge of the trench, was chattering and gesticulating for the amusement of the working party. The officer in command, who was angrily calling upon the man to get into the trench under cover, requested one of our party to drive him in, expressing his anxiety lest he should draw the fire upon the spot where so many idlers were collected together. While one of the party was persuading the soldier to descend, a shot passed close by him and effectually drove him in. The officer then invited the party to descend also, and we proceeded in

the direction of the Jardin de l'Harmonie, along the trench, which a working party was engaged in widening and deepening.

The better to facilitate our admission into the trenches, we had established a sort of uniform that at once indicated our profession, without confounding us with the combatants. The officers in general were courteous in their manner towards us upon learning that we belonged to the British army.

On approaching the Jardin de l'Harmonie, Colonel S. pointed out a road with trees on each side leading immediately to the trench, and along which a party of French were advancing. A number of soldiers were collected in and about the trench, laughing and joking. "We

shall have a shot presently," observed the Colonel, and almost immediately after a shot passed over the trench, crashing the trees, and hopping up the avenue. The soldiers jumped hastily into the trench, and the advancing party moved at a quick step through a gateway, where they got under cover. As they were fully exposed to the fire while in the avenue, it cannot be denied that they bobbed obeisance to the shot, but a woman of the party, one of the *vivandières* or cantineers, attached to the regiment, and marching in the ranks, moved on at the ordinary pace, and with her head fairly erect. Each regiment had a certain number of women attached to it, who accompanied it into the trenches, bringing spirits and provisions with them for

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SKETCH OF THE PARABEL OR PLACE OF ARMS.

near the Breaching Battery

Advanced Sap as it appeared in the Foreground

the use of the men. They were dressed in a uniform corresponding generally to that of the regiment. A light blue or French grey spencer fitting close to the shape, with three rows of small brass buttons in front, a petticoat and drawers, or rather trowsers of red cloth, and laced boots, a man's oiled-skin hat with the number of the regiment on it, and a brass plate on the arm with the name of the individual. There was an air of smartness, and occasionally of coquetry about them, and at the same time a very passable decorum of manner, far removed from the notion generally entertained of a "camp follower." The inborn taste for dress of a Frenchwoman triumphed over the near approach of their costume to the male attire. The smart set of the hat—the

gigot sleeves—the bustle—the scantiness of the petticoat, with other little feminine arrangements, redeemed them from any masculine appearance. They were to be seen, with their basket of provisions, in every part of the trenches, and at a later period, even in the breaching battery; and one of their tribe eminently distinguished herself on several occasions by her courage and humanity.

We were fortunate enough to meet General Haxo, who greeted us with much courtesy, and entered into conversation; touching generally on the operations of the preceding night. The general appeared to be a man about sixty; tall and somewhat corpulent, with features strongly but rather handsomely marked, and developing thought and intellect. He

was dressed " en grande tenue," or what might be so considered for the trenches, with the star and decoration of the legion of honour. A similar style of dress was worn by all the general officers; and it would appear that they rather sought to distinguish themselves in this manner while on duty in the trenches. They wore a cocked-hat edged with black or white feathers, a single-breasted blue coat, decorated with the star and cross, and scarlet trowsers with gold stripes. The officers of the staff were also usually equally distinguished by their dress, while the battalion officers and privates wore the long frock coat; the former of blue, and the latter of French grey.

After parting with the General, we proceeded on towards the road leading

to the Church of St. Laurent, where further progress was interdicted. We had met and chatted with a colonel on duty, who, after parting from us, gave some instructions to a sentry, the purport of which we had no doubt was to forbid our farther advance, as when the attempt was made, we were stopped by the "On ne passe pas ici!" and we accordingly quitted the trench, passed along the road to the church, and found a body of troops under cover of the latter. After exchanging a few civilities with the officers, we strolled home by Berchem.

Our little mess sat down to their usual good fare, and closed the day with speculations on the progress and probable duration of the siege.

The fire from the garrison throughout

the day was very moderate, and not calculated to interrupt, in any degree, the besiegers' work.

On the morning of the 1st of December we learnt that the French had, during the night, advanced by the "zig-zags," or trenches of communication, to the second parallel or trench for the infantry to occupy. The weather had been unfavourable: it rained heavily, which not only increased the labour, but threatened, from the slight elevation of the ground and difficulty of drainage, to flood the trenches. The soil, however, in general yielded easily to the workmen: the whole of the ground in occupation by the French consisted of an alluvial deposit of from eighteen to twenty-four inches in depth, on a substratum of

sand, the former converted by the industry of the Belgian agriculturist into the highest possible condition for culture.

A party from the "Grand Laboureur" made an attempt to enter the trenches again, but were civilly prevented by the officer on the spot, who pleaded his orders, and referred them to the general commanding. The officers accordingly proceeded to the head-quarters of General Haxo, the commanding engineer, and having sent in their cards, were very courteously received by a superior officer of the *corps du génie,* through whom they made their application for permission to enter the trenches. The officer requested them to wait till the general, who was with Marshal Gerard, should be disengaged, when the ap-

plication might be made in person. A plan of the attack lay on a table in a corner of the room. One anxious glance was cast at it, and a slight supposition hazarded that it was not permitted of course to be seen by a stranger; the observation was quietly answered in the negative. In the course of conversation Captain B. observed, that he was an officer of the same branch of the service with the colonel, and had come to Antwerp to take a lesson in the art of attack; the officer replied, "And you will probably have one of defence also." His reply was interesting, as tending to confirm a report that the officers of the French engineers had more maturely weighed the difficulties they would have to encounter than the rest of the army.

The siege had been in general spoken of as likely to prove a very slight affair, and the nickname of "une promenade de quinze jours" for the whole campaign, has been already noticed.

Marshal Gerard, shortly after, made his appearance; the officers were introduced to him, and made their application. The Marshal expressed his regret that he could not then comply with the request, but added, that when the trenches were more advanced their request should be considered.

The Dutch fire, throughout the day, was brisker than that of the preceding; but still very moderate. The French were employed on their batteries and approaches.

On the morning of the 2nd, the prohibition to enter the trenches still continuing, Colonel C., Captains P. and B., and Lieutenant S., went to a tower near the church of St. Laurent, which Colonel C. had previously visited, and from whence a very good view of the lunette St. Laurent, and of the citadel, was obtained. The party found a Belgian countryman still pertinaciously holding by the tenement, notwithstanding that it was only 600 yards from the lunette. There was some difficulty, at first, in gaining admittance; but a few francs were effectually applied, and the man led the party through a garden, and round to the back of the building. It was understood that the French had objected to the building being occupied, lest

the appearance of any persons in the upper story of the wooden tower should attract the fire. Certain necessary precautions, therefore, were adopted, and the party then took possession, for some time, of the upper part of the building. The day was cloudy and misty, but it occasionally cleared up. On the left, the French were employed in constructing a battery under cover of the intervening trees; but a shot was occasionally fired in that direction. Detached portions of the trenches and approaches could be seen in front of the towers; and on the immediate right, a battalion of infantry stationed behind the church of St. Laurent.

The outlines of the lunette and citadel could be traced distinctly, with telescopes and an *opera-glass.* A few

shots passed to the right and left of the tower, but the fire was moderate, and by no means indicated any vigorous attempt to interrupt the works of the besiegers. The scene, however, was full of interest when a bright streak of light occasionally broke through the dull atmosphere, and showed the ground of operation, beyond which lay the dark mounds of earth that formed the defences of the citadel,—a few artillery working the guns, and one of the party with his match,—the large barrack, and other buildings within the walls,—and Chassé's flag of defiance.

The sound of the cannon, that at intervals broke sullenly on the ear, gave assurance that the work of hostility had commenced. The tower stood in one of those numerous

pleasure-grounds which approached close to the outworks of the citadel, and afforded, by its fair and peaceful aspect, a singular contrast to the scene beyond. Like other spots, it was destined soon to be ploughed up and defaced by the shot and shells from the garrison. On leaving the tower, the Belgian again barricaded the doors and gateways, but promised to admit the party on a future occasion—upon receiving a few more francs.

The fire from the citadel continued to be moderate throughout the next day, and certainly disappointed those who looked for more active demonstrations of defence from Chassé. It was difficult to comprehend the General's tactics. The fire, although increased, was still too slack to effect any

serious annoyance to the besiegers. The French hitherto had been solely employed in making their trenches and batteries, and until the latter were completed and armed, they could not return the fire of the besieged. The delay in arming the batteries seemed to occasion some discontent: the weather was supposed to have retarded this operation by rendering the trenches so heavy with mud and water as to impede the carriage of the guns. The morrow, however, was mentioned as the day on which the batteries were to open; and as it was the festival of St. Barbe, dear to the artillerist, the event was confidently expected to take place. A part of the defences of the town, immediately on the right of the Berchem or Malines Gate, was occupied as a battery by the Belgians with

several mortars and guns pointed towards the citadel, to act in the event of the Dutch firing on the city. The position was under the command of a young officer of the Belgian artillery, Captain Soudain de Neudevert, who very kindly procured access for the English officers to the ramparts, from whence they could obtain a good view of the fire of the French batteries and the bastion Toledo, against the faces of which it was expected there would be a vigorous cannonade.

On the morning of the 4th, a party assembled at Captain Soudain's battery to witness the opening of the French batteries. It was generally understood that the fire was to commence precisely at eleven o'clock, and as the time approached there were indications of some important event.

Marshal Gerard, accompanied by the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours, with a numerous staff, and Colonel Caradoc, were seen to move towards fort Montebello, which lay immediately beyond Soudain's battery, and at the extreme right of the first parallel. At the same time, General Deprez, and a staff of Belgian officers, rode into the battery, and alighting, ascended the rampart to witness the scene. Several military spectators were assembled on the spot, and below the rampart a military band was stationed. The early part of the morning had been dull and cloudy, but towards ten o'clock it cleared up, leaving only a slight mist or haze. The Dutch had not fired for some time; and while looking from the rampart across the country, in the direction of the citadel and the

ground occupied by the French, there was no sight or sound that indicated the slightest hostile movement; the groves and gardens, the intersecting hedges, and the several country residences of the opulent merchants, masked the trenches of the besiegers, and presented only to the eye a rich suburban landscape softened by the light haze. Precisely at eleven o'clock, as the last stroke of the clock was heard, the first gun from a battery towards Kiel was fired; it was answered by a shout from the troops in the trenches, and followed at short intervals by the other batteries, while the band in Soudain's battery struck up a national air. The citadel recommenced its fire, and the landscape was soon involved in smoke. The numerous spectators in the battery—the gay military cortège in

Montebello—the accompaniment of military music—and the rapid transition of the scene before us from perfect tranquillity and beauty to tumult and smoke, produced an effect not unlike what we might have expected from the ingenious devices of Astley and Franconi.

On looking round, the resemblance was heightened by observing the roof of the Théâtre des Variétés, a large building in rear of the battery, crowded with spectators, whose heads were protruded through holes made expressly for their accommodation.

The French batteries were ranged at intervals a little in front of the first parallel. By reference to the annexed sketch, the direction of fire, and the precise object of each battery, will be seen. The guns used

were 24 and 16-pounders and howitzers, all of brass, and entirely new. The inefficiency of ordnance of this metal, for the purposes of a siege, had been proved by past experience; but the distrust which the French entertained of the iron guns of their own manufacture prevented them from using any but those of brass. The brass guns are incapable of sustaining the repeated and heavy firing, such as it is desirable to bring against the works of a fortress; the metal soon gets heated, and is liable to run. It is obvious that the French apprehended this evil, since their fire throughout the day bore no proportion to that which would have been obtained from iron guns.

The first object of attack was against the Lunette of St. Laurent, one of the advanced works of the citadel. It consisted

of two faces and flanks with demi-revetments, a wet ditch and covert-way with a low counterscarp of earth, and was closed at the gorge with loopholed walls protected by *trous de loup*, or holes, with a picket in each. But, while occupied before this work, the French pushed their approaches and parallels on towards the body of the place. The fire from the citadel was excellent; but it appeared that the means of the garrison were not equal to their skill, as the fire was at no time so well kept up as to seriously annoy or interrupt the besiegers.

The Duke of Orleans, who took his regular turn of duty in the trenches with the other general officers, as one of their rank, had an opportunity of displaying his coolness under fire, and attracting the ap-

plause of the army. On the occasion of his being *baptisé*,—a term applied to the soldier when sprinkled for the first time with the earth scattered by the enemy's projectiles,—he saluted the shot by raising his hat: the action was performed very quietly, and appeared to be in accordance with a usual custom. The young Prince was tall and gentlemanlike in his person, with a handsome countenance and courteous manners, and appeared desirous to render himself popular with the army. He had other occasional opportunities of the like nature; and the French soldiers noted with satisfaction any little trait of conduct creditable to the young Duke. It was obvious that he bore in mind the essentially military character of his countrymen and their admiration of gallant achievements,

and it was generally understood that he had expressed a wish to lead on the storming party if the place should be assaulted; but the Marshal had refused his consent unless the night of assault should happen to be the one in which the Duke would be required to take his usual turn of duty in the trenches. The Prince shewed himself desirous of earning the reputation of a gallant soldier; but it may be doubted whether he evinced any qualities that seemed to ensure future distinction. His countenance gave no indication of much strength of intellect or energy; and his quiet and somewhat listless manner was contrasted with the vivacity and martial bearing that in general distinguished the French officers. His younger brother, the Duke de Nemours, had apparently more

of the spirit and intelligence of his countrymen, which, from his extreme youth, appeared to great advantage in him. The Duke of Orleans commanded a regiment of Hussars, and his brother one of Chasseurs, and it was amusing to see the little soldier by the side of the elder, stepping out proudly in emulation of his longer stride.

According to the tenor of the negotiation between Marshal Gerard and General Chassé, to preserve the neutrality of the town, it was understood that no portion of its works was to be used by the French for any hostile purposes. The Marshal, however, chose to consider Fort Montebello as exempt from this arrangement, and employed the guns and howitzers in it. The position was important, as it

enabled the French to bring a formidable battery of six guns and two howitzers against the Toledo bastion, particularly the left face—the one in which it was generally understood the breach would be made. General Chassé remonstrated against this measure, and declared that he considered it a violation of the terms on which the neutrality of the town depended, and consequently he should consider it as committed in hostility against him; and that the Marshal would be held personally responsible for the consequences, retorting on that officer the threat which the former had held out to him in the event of his firing on the town. The circumstance increased the feeling of anxiety in the city as to its ultimate fate; and, while these further negotiations were carrying on, all persons were

prohibited from coming into the town. This event threatened to break up the little party at the Grand Laboureur, and to disperse it in the neighbourhood, probably at some distance from the scene of operations, as all the immediate accommodations were occupied by the French. It soon, however, became obvious that there was no intention on the part of the Dutch to fire on the city, and the restriction upon free egress and ingress was removed.

Colonel Caradoc, Lord R., and Captain P., went down to the river, to ascertain intelligence of the Dutch frigates which had been expected. There was, however, no symptom of their appearance. As the party walked through the town, they were struck with the interruption to all the ordinary occupations, the number of houses

shut up, and the entire absence of that bustle and activity of the inhabitants, proper to a large commercial city. The solitude of the streets was occasionally cheered by the different corps of civic guards moving to their respective stations, with their bands playing,—by the galloping of couriers and orderly officers through the town,—and by the appearance of the French generals attached to the Belgian army, with their staff. A group of merchants were here and there assembled debating anxiously on the state of affairs, having abandoned the Bourse, "where most they congregate." The city bore rather the appearance of a military fortress, preparing for hostile measures, than of a great centre of trade and commerce.

5th December.—As the difficulty of

procuring admission into the trenches still existed, every spot was tried from whence a view could be obtained of the operations. Sir G. H., with Captain M., of the navy (Sir P. Malcolm's A.D.C.), who arrived from Bruxelles at eight o'clock, Colonel W. S., Captain P., and Lord R., went to a house near the Malines Gate, but nothing could be seen there. They then moved into Soudain's battery. The French kept up a sharper fire than the day before. Two guns had been dismounted in the left face of the Toledo bastion, but the Dutch did not appear to have repaired the damage of the preceding day: they fired very little, and their supineness could only be accounted for on the supposition that Chassé found himself so well sheltered, that he had determined

to reserve his garrison for more vigorous measures as the French approached nearer. The besiegers were equally at a loss to understand the reason of this "*Molle defense*," as they termed it. Marshal Gerard, accompanied by the two princes and all his staff, went into Montebello to reconnoitre. A ball struck the parapet near the Duke of Nemours, and spattered him with earth; the French were delighted at the circumstance, and congratulated him on being *baptisé*. The gallant young prince received the compliment from the shot very quietly and well.

The party of amateurs afterwards ascended the Cathedral, where the whole scene lay distinctly exposed before them; the entire height of the building is three hundred and sixty feet, and the party were stationed near

its summit. The view was most splendid; they saw the whole of the trenches and batteries, and could distinguish almost every object in the citadel. The Dutch were firing, as usual, very slackly. It appeared that nearly every shot and shell fell into the place from the French batteries, but apparently without producing much effect, as the few people who were visible seemed to be as quietly occupied as if nothing unusual were passing. Fort Kiel appeared to be more strongly manned in proportion; about fifty men were seen, and they seemed, from the tower, a good deal exposed; and the Dutch fired often from this work. St. Laurent also appeared well manned, and fired occasionally.

The party could distinguish the French on the crest of the glacis of St. Laurent.

The French, it is said, entertained some idea that the Dutch would not defend this work, but would abandon it before an assault could be made; but from the caution with which they approached it, and the number of infantry brought to keep down the fire, they evidently considered it strongly manned, and prepared for vigorous resistance.

The French were constructing a battery and forming trenches for infantry in the counter-guard near Montebello; this work could be with difficulty seen from Soudain's battery, but was now distinctly visible.

In the evening, the party went to a house on the outskirt of the city, which looked across the esplanade, or open space between the crest of the glacis and houses of the town. It was necessary to approach this quarter with great caution, as the

French sentinels occupied it, and challenged any stranger who ventured near their posts. An old woman smuggled the party into her house, and ushered them up a ladder to an attic, which offered a good view of the citadel, and from whence the shells from the besieged were seen on their first flight, and those of the besiegers as they fell. The night was beautifully clear and still; the French sentinel was pacing backwards and forwards beneath the window, and the old woman put her finger on her lip, and gabbled in a whisper in Flemish, what was easily understood to be an earnest injunction to silence. The stillness of the night was only disturbed by the occasional report of the mortars and the sound of hammering, as if the besieged were repairing some wood-work—perhaps

gates, or palisades, or the frames that support the body of earth to cover the guns, —means of defence called "blindages." Here, as elsewhere, everything was in singular and violent contrast: the house was about two hundred yards from the citadel; the attic, indeed, was full of silent spectators of the hostile scene, but the people below were moving about in their ordinary domestic occupations. The street was perfectly quiet, and, with the exception of the dark figures of the sentries passing beneath, there was nothing to interrupt the solitude of the esplanade. But the roar of the mortars, at intervals, broke the tranquillity of the night; and the shells, as they rose blazing from the citadel, or descended into it with their trailing fire, from the French batteries, cast a bright gleam over the landscape,

partially revealing the outlines of the ramparts, and then exploding, left the whole scene again in stillness and darkness.

The party assembled every evening in the Grand Laboureur, and sat down at six to an excellent dinner of soup, fish, game, and *patisserie;* Colonel W. S. in the presidential chair, and the excellent and amiable Baron Larpent, British consul at Antwerp, the vice-president. Each branch of the service found its representative among the party—navy, cavalry, artillery, engineers, and infantry. The service and experience of Colonel S., and the distinction he had won throughout the Peninsula and at Waterloo, made him high authority, and rendered his presence, during the operations, most valuable to the party; and Colonel Colin Campbell, a gallant and able officer, who

had served also in the Peninsula, lent the additional aid of his experience to the military discussions. A pleasanter party has, perhaps, rarely assembled together, and for so long a period, on a foreign soil. Lord R., Captain C. S. W., and Lieutenant S., had joined the party from England; Captain P., from a long tour throughout the continent, and Captain B., from Germany; Captain F., of the navy, came from his residence at Brussels; Sir G. H., the secretary of legation, and Mr. D., an *attaché* to the Belgian embassy, also joined the party from Brussels. They had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of several French officers of the staff and *corps du génie*, who occasionally dined with them; and among the guests of the evening was the spirited and gentlemanly

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little captain of the Belgian artillery, M. Soudain de Neuduwert, to whom they were frequently indebted for every civility when they visited his battery. It would have been difficult for a stranger joining the party to imagine that hostilities were going on so near. At times the report of the ordnance was scarcely distinguished, and rarely interrupted the amusements and discussions of the evenings. Each individual brought his aid to the stock of entertainment. There were anecdotes of the Peninsular war, and of Waterloo, tales of travellers, diplomatic speculations, adventures of the day, discussions on military matters, and a running fire of wit and joke, sustained with excellent good humour, from our representative of the navy. Our host, his family, and servants partook of the

spirit of their guests; and old Joseph, the ancient domestic and purveyor of the establishment, toiled with unwonted activity and zeal in his vocation. He had served, formerly, in the French army, and, like all of his class, retained a proud recollection of his martial services, and was disposed to resist any attack on his dignity. In his tranquil humour, he discoursed in tolerably bad English; when pressed by his impatient guests, he expostulated rapidly in French; and when provoked to retort, he cursed vehemently in high Dutch. But Joseph was a privileged person, and a favourite of the whole party, and "weighing the labour with the cost," and the good humour of his guests with their occasional impatience, he must have regretted the breaking up of the party, though pretty nearly

badgered out of his existence by the incessant demands upon his attendance, that could be discharged by little less than the power of ubiquity. He at last associated a tall, portly, handsome deputy with him, who proved to be a most pompous ass, and whom Joseph bullied without mercy.

There was a sharp fusilade during the night of the 5th, which led to the belief that the French had made an attempt on the lunette, but the report of the morning did not confirm it. The fire of the French was probably to keep down that of the Dutch, while the approaches were carrying on close to the work.

A visit to the French bivouac in some fields near Berchem was very interesting. Most of the troops had found shelter in the village and houses in the neighbour-

hood; but the 19th Regiment had hutted themselves in the fields. The huts were of the simplest construction, framed with poles, and thatched with straw like the roof of a cottage, but ranged according to the usual plan of an encampment. The sentries would only allow strangers to stroll down one of the lines, and round the outskirts, and promptly but civilly warned them from approaching elsewhere. Parties were grouped together in different spots of the ground, some cooking, some resting, some laughing and singing, and some dancing; there was throughout the usual air of joyousness and merriment—of good humour and good fellowship—so characteristic of the French soldier, and which gave an appearance of holyday amusement to the whole scene.

The troops were relieved in the trenches at twelve o'clock every day. They were to be seen marching into the trench of communication that commenced at Berchem, and filing through the approaches with their usual laugh and joke, and apparently perfectly heedless of the service of danger which was to last till the next twenty-four hours had expired.

December 8th.—Captain P. and Captain M. of the navy succeeded in getting into the trenches to-day, and advanced to the covert-way of the lunette. The trenches were nearly knee-deep in mud and water. Fascines and hurdles had been used, and an attempt made to drain, but not very successfully. They passed the batteries Nos. 2, 4, 5, 7, and 8: between 7 and 8 the trenches were rather warm,—the

shot and shells passing over their heads. Following the approach from No. 7, they advanced towards the lunette: while wading through the mud in the last zig-zag, the soldiers beckoned earnestly to them to come on, and acquainted them with their near vicinity to the work. The Dutch were firing briskly at the head of the trench, and the officers and soldiers good-naturedly invited them to stoop down under cover of the parapet, or bank of the trench, and told them that the trench they had just passed was partially raked by the Dutch fire. A French soldier was stationed near the head of the trench, and occasionally passing round to watch the besieged. The shelter afforded by the trench, in the immediate neighbourhood of the besieged, afforded an excellent illus-

tration of the labours of the engineer. The party were in perfect security from any projectiles, except shells or hand grenades, and of these the Dutch made little use on the occasion. On returning through the trenches they had again to pass the *unhealthy* zig-zag; but, adopting the advice of the officers, and passing close to the bank, they returned through the trenches without acknowledging the compliment of a few shots that followed them.

The attack on the lunette was daily expected with great interest. It was possible that a determined resistance might be made in the breach, and the qualities of the two forces sharply tried. The French continued to direct their fire on the faces of the citadel, and to pour in their shells both during the day and night. The fire

of the Dutch at times became more vigorous, particularly during the night, at the head of the besieging trenches. The French had completed a battery on the counterguard, and thrown down the *batardeau*, or dam, in the counterscarp, between the Toledo and Fernando bastion, destruction of which drew off the water from the ditch, leaving it dry at low water, and with only a depth of five feet at the ebb. The Dutch directed a sharp fire on this work while it was advancing, and fragments of shells fell into Soudain's battery. On the 7th, a magazine of live shells was blown up in the citadel, and on the 8th the great barrack was burnt down. This building had been previously abandoned and gutted, and the loss, therefore, did not probably much inconvenience the besieged.

From the roof of the Théâtre des Variétés a tolerable view could be obtained of the fire; more particularly during the night, when the progress of the shells through the air could be distinctly traced. The roof of the building was fitted up to accommodate spectators, money and checks regularly taken, and hours fixed through the day and night for the spectacle. As the interest increased, the spectators became more numerous. Men and women crowded to the holes that were made purposely in the roof, and looked on the passing events with a feeling very near akin to that with which they would have regarded a mimic representation of the scene on the stage below: exclamations of wonder, of approbation, or of reproof, were freely uttered; and some sharp criticisms bandied about

that would have come with a better grace from the gentry if they had previously studied the subject a little nearer.

The French appeared to have met with some difficulty in cutting their trenches in the counterguard. The Dutch annoyed them a good deal with shells and hand grenades; and a young officer, a captain of engineers, of whose zeal and gallantry everybody spoke in high terms, was wounded in the arm, and obliged to undergo amputation.

The fire of the Dutch, on the 9th and 10th, became more vigorous, and the French, it appeared, approached more cautiously, and found greater opposition from the besieged. Chassé had opened fresh batteries, and annoyed the French with grape and musketry. The weather

had been variable; sometimes rainy, raw, and misty. The trenches, in many parts, were in a miserable condition with water and mud, and the troops could not take up their position in them without previously getting thoroughly soaked to their ancles in filing through the approaches.

A report also was in circulation, that General Sebastiani's division, stationed in the Polders, or marshes across the Scheldt, was suffering severely from sickness. This latter circumstance was to be expected—the advanced period of the season—the state of the weather—the notoriously unhealthy character of that portion of the country—and the inactivity of the troops, threatened to furnish a fearful list of casualties.

The resistance the besiegers met with

before the lunette, conjoined to the above, had checked the first flush of their ardour and confidence, and induced a more subdued tone when the probable period of final success was hinted at.

On the morning of the 13th, the lunette was still in possession of the Dutch. The French had, notwithstanding, advanced their trenches close to the glacis of the Toledo bastion, but it was obvious the lunette had done good service in compelling the besiegers to work beyond it with great caution, lest any portion of the trench should be enfiladed or raked by its fire. A report at one time prevailed, that it was intended to abandon its capture, and so mask the trenches by traverses, as to render its fire inefficient. The little

work became the object of absorbing interest to the spectators.

Hitherto no official leave had been given to the British officers to enter the trenches, but all who were present at this period had succeeded occasionally in gaining admission. Colonel Caradoc had taken in some; one or two French officers, who were personally acquainted with individuals, had taken in others; and the rest ventured in, trusting to the good-nature and civility of the French, and were equally fortunate. The French officers in general offered no opposition to the amateurs, but at length the sentries were strictly charged to admit no strangers; and, as the interdict threatened to put an end to all further chance of access, Colonel Caradoc inte-

rested himself strongly with General St. Cyr Nugues, the "Chef d'Etat-Major-Général," and procured passports that enabled the officers to enter the trenches freely at all hours of the day.

It was at this point of the proceeding that the scene described, some time since, was first presented to the eye of the original narrator of the present excursion on his arrival at Antwerp: it is here, therefore, that he must resume the thread of his own observations, with the hope that the interest of the subject, together with the occasional assistance which has been kindly afforded to him, may render them acceptable to his readers.

December 13th.—The fire being kept up more incessantly during this night than in any former, it was considered by Colonel W. S., and Captain B., that some attack would be attempted by the French before day-break, and that an important post would be gained. We stayed at the theatre about an hour, and then returned to our hotel, the windows of which were frequently shaken by the vibration of the air.

December 14th.—At seven o'clock this morning I awoke and heard the cannon, as before, firing incessantly; and on rejoining my companions to hear the news of the morning, they announced to me the important event that the French had established three mines in the left face of the Lunette St. Laurent, and, by their ex-

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BREACHIN FORT St LAURENT.

3 Passage of the Ditch. Taken from the West

plosion, had effected so practicable a breach that the French immediately made the assault, got possession of the fort, and took one lieutenant and fifty-five Dutch prisoners.

Though the Dutch, up to this time, had made a most gallant and obstinate resistance, the moment the breach was effected, and the assault made, some made their escape through the gorge into the citadel, and those who were taken fell on their knees before the assaulting party, and gave up all further defence. The captain of French Grenadiers had some difficulty in saving their lives; but, when he mounted the breach, and found the brave Dutch officer in vain attempting to rally his men to the defence, he rushed forward, held his sword up, and exclaimed to his men,

"*Grace aux vaincus!*" as the Dutch were kneeling before him. The assault took place at half-past four in the morning, and therefore the constant fire of musketry that we saw each night from the theatre was chiefly from the French, who kept it up whilst the miners were lodging themselves in the escarpe of St. Laurent. The French soldiers were much surprised at the boyish appearance of their prisoners; and, when they were removed to the head-quarters at Berchem, they seemed quite disappointed at finding that they had fought against such youths. Indeed, a French soldier, in answer to one of our party, who had not seen them, and was inquiring what sort of troops they were, replied,—"*Ma foi! Monsieur, ils sont plus jeunes que les notres.*" The officer was a fine soldierlike fellow,

and wept bitterly at his melancholy fate. The French were kind to them; gave them bread and wine; and appeared to respect them considerably for the brave defence they had made although such young soldiers. Colonel Caradoc came into the town soon after, and sent off despatches to the English Government immediately, to announce this important capture. I had remarked, for the last few days, a great despondency and disgust in the manner of the French, at their not having succeeded in taking St. Laurent sooner. It was known that the miners had attempted to lodge a mine once or twice before, but had found the walls so thick that they were disappointed; and they felt this more particularly as they first came inclined to despise the idea of the Dutch

withstanding them; while their boasted "*quinze jours*" had now been just consumed in taking the first outpost.

It poured with rain the whole of this day, and therefore I postponed my first visit to the trenches. We all went to the public reading-room, where we were admitted honorary members, and where all the merchants of Antwerp came to read the newspapers from all parts of the globe. The cannonade was heard without intermission during the day, and occasionally wounded men were brought in covered *brancards* through the street in front of our hotel, on their way to the hospital.

December 15.—We breakfasted as usual at about nine o'clock, but as few of our party had assembled when I first left my room, Lord R. walked with me to witness the

scene of action from the battery on the outskirts of the town, occupied by the Belgians; which was considered neutral, though it was within a very few yards of Fort Montebello, from whence the French were firing constantly on the citadel. The fire from both sides was visible as the smoke rose from the place, but in no other way could anything be distinguished. Both parties were entirely concealed; the French in their trenches, and the Dutch behind the ramparts of the citadel. It presented an extraordinary scene; nothing told the dreadful havoc that was going on, except the frequent clouds of smoke which darted from the surface. The houses and trees were shattered in every direction, but nothing living could be seen above ground. At the gate of the town, through which

we passed into the battery, a cart was waiting with emblems upon it denoting its deadly office. A skull and cross bones were painted on each side of it, and the colour of the whole vehicle was black. It was a small covered cart on four wheels, with one horse, for the express use of carrying away any that might have been killed in the battery. Its appearance was formidable and not inviting to an inexperienced visitor, or likely to be very exhilarating even to the feelings of the soldiers. But though it was placed there *pro formâ*, there was little or no danger; and none but a very stray shot could possibly come near them. We gazed on the scene from hence for about half an hour, and then returned to the hotel and joined our companions at breakfast.

Colonel Caradoc having very kindly sent me and the rest of the party certificates signed by him mentioning our names and rank in the English army, by which we were to obtain a written order from General St. Cyr Nugues, the quarter-master-general, to go into the trenches whenever we pleased, we went to his quarters at Berchem, and with every mark of kindness and attention from the officers of his staff, some of whom were already known to Lord R., our certificates were sent into the General, and our orders immediately written out and signed by him. Everything, therefore, being prepared for our expedition, Lord R,, Captain P., and myself, proceeded on our visit to the trenches. My two companions, who had been at Antwerp nearly the whole time since the commencement of

the siege, had been in the trenches before; but it was my first visit.

We entered close behind the battery of Montebello;—heard shots in every direction;—and before we had got one hundred yards from the entrance, a shell fell from the citadel within twenty or thirty yards of us. We were not aware of our danger till after it was over, for as it fell without our seeing it, a little on the left, the first intimation we received of it was the dust which flew into our faces when it exploded, the earth being thrown up in every direction with its splinters. This circumstance gave us the privilege of considering ourselves "baptized." We then advanced along the line of batteries which were continually playing upon the citadel. There was one officer in

each battery commanding the artillerymen, and a brigade of infantry standing under cover along the trenches. The officers were, in general, very civil to us as we passed, and frequently saluted us. The uniform which we had had made for the purpose of these visits at Antwerp, was a plain, double-breasted blue coat, with brass buttons, and dark grey trowsers, with a red stripe. We now heard several shots whiz over our heads, from which we were almost entirely protected by the heights of the side of the trench, and therefore we were exposed to little or no danger, except from the shells which might happen to fall close to us.

I was a good deal surprised to find several of the French soldiers belonging to the infantry on duty in a complete state of

intoxication, some of them so much so that their comrades were attempting to lift them on their legs, whilst others had lost all power of standing, and were fast asleep on the bank. It was easily accounted for when I had advanced a little farther, for there I saw two of the *vivandières* carrying baskets of provisions, with two or three very large bottles of gin, the contents of which they were distributing among the men even in the presence of the officers. These women are most extraordinary creatures, and go through the greatest hardships. Two are generally appointed to each battalion, bearing the number of their regiment on their black, round hats. Their appearance is very picturesque, and they are singularly devoted to the service of the men on duty. As it

was necessary to go through the form of tasting a glass of gin from a *vivandière*, I immediately demanded the usual portion, and drank it off, wishing her health and safety; she smiled, and was grateful when I presented her with a couple of franks for that which, from a common soldier, would probably have brought her about as many sous. As we passed on, we found the trenches in some places nearly filled with water; fascines, and planks were occasionally put down to walk upon, but the attempt to avoid the water, which was nearly up to our knees, was vain. The houses on each side, which appeared formerly to have been villas, with a church, and a few other small buildings, were completely shattered by the fire from the citadel; one branch of the

trenches leading towards Berchem was cut through the church-yard, and in one place, a coffin laid open with the remains of a skeleton in it. A shot struck a tree as we were passing through the zig-zag, and split it in two, making a tremendous crash: almost all the trees were completely destroyed, and the whole scene presented a mass of ruin. After we had gone as far as my companions knew their way, we returned in the direction of Berchem, and on our arrival found a battalion of infantry just assembled and going on duty. They were drawn up on an open piece of ground, close to the village, ready to "fall in" at the sound of the drum announcing the time for parade. They were amusing themselves in every sort of way, singing, dancing, and playing at different sorts of games, as

if their spirits were unusually raised at the prospect of their immediate march into the trenches, where they were to be on duty the whole of the night; and little reflecting on the uncertainty of their approaching fate, through which, probably, twenty or thirty of them would be killed and wounded before they were relieved next morning by another battalion. We proceeded from thence to the French camp, which was on the other side of the village. The tents in which the privates lived were made of straw and boughs, and built in rows; while those belonging to the officers, which were portable, were fixed at intervals between each row. Groups of soldiers were sitting round fires in every direction, either cooking provisions or smoking their pipes, and singing and laughing together

as if they were enjoying every luxury and comfort. At the outskirts of the camp were heaped an immense number of cannon-balls and shells, and many horses ready harnessed to move the guns, which were standing by them. A few sentinels were placed at different parts of the camp to prevent strangers from intruding, and to guard the ammunition. Having by this time walked for three or four hours, and in a great measure satisfied our curiosity, we returned by the direct road to Antwerp, and related our adventures to the rest of the party, some of whom, who had also been in the trenches, had other stories to relate to us in exchange.

December 16th.—This morning Captain P. accompanied me, after our breakfast, to the cathedral, to witness high mass in

honour of King Leopold's birthday. All the officers of the garrison were assembled. After having walked to the palace in procession to congratulate his Majesty on the happy occasion, they returned to the cathedral. The two celebrated pictures by Rubens were not visible, as they had been cased in by strong frames, and covered over with sacks and skins at the commencement of the siege, and made entirely splinter-proof in case of an attack upon the town. Each side of the cathedral was lined with troops, and the officers walked up the centre to the steps of the altar, where they sat during the service. It was soon over, and Captain P. and I then went to a large building close to the esplanade, a piece of open ground that divides the town from the

citadel. It was much higher than any other house in that quarter, and had formerly been a convent, but was now used as a warehouse, and belonged to a Belgian gentleman, who had very kindly invited us to go and look at the scene from his premises whenever we pleased. It was, however, hardly high enough to enable us to see completely into the citadel, though being so near we could distinctly perceive the dreadful havoc that had been effected. The large barracks, church, and all the other buildings, were in a most ruinous state—nothing but the bare walls standing —and the roofs pierced through and through with shot. The flag was flying on the mound a little beyond, torn and pierced as it floated in the air. We could just see into the bastion of Fernando, which

looked nearly towards the town, and at times could distinguish the Dutch as they fired.

Nothing could be descried in the direction of the besieging army, except occasional clouds of smoke bursting from the batteries. The owners of the house showed us a hole through the roof of the building from which we were looking, occasioned by a small shell which had fallen there a few days before, and related to us an extraordinary instance of the presence of mind of a little boy in his establishment, who happened to be in the upper garret at the time when it broke through the ceiling. The premises having been prepared in case of fire, by putting several tubs of water on each story, the moment he saw that it did not pierce the boards of the floor, he rushed

up to it, rolled it into the water, which extinguished the fuse, and saved the building. We gave the boy a few francs, and went to the reading-room for a short time, and then soon after to our hotel. In the evening, Captain F. and I went to the top of the tower of the Church of St. André. The night was very dark, and the firing on both sides more slack than usual. The church is situated not very far from the edge of the town, facing the citadel, and, being very high, we quite looked down upon it, and could see all the shells that were ill-directed, and passed over into the Scheldt. As it was a very damp, cold night, we stayed but a short time, and returned to the house of an English gentleman, who was staying there a few days with his wife, and had been kind

enough to obtain the permission for us to go into the church. We there met General Deprez, his aide-de-camp, and two or three Polish officers attached to the Belgian service. He commanded the Belgian troops in the town, which amounted to about 6000 men.

December 17th.—The siege continued during the whole of this day more slowly, the firing being slacker than before on both sides. It rained nearly the whole day; but, in the afternoon, when it cleared up for a short time, we went to the Church of St. André, and by a little bribery of a few francs, which we gave to the man who had the care of it, we established a friendship with him, and in future went very frequently up the tower, occasionally repeating our donations. By day-light, the

view from the tower was truly splendid. We could see entirely into the citadel, and with telescopes could distinguish the Dutch in all parts of it. The shells were continually showering upon them; but they seemed to be walking about and talking together, as if nothing were going on. The whole of the country on the other side of the river, beyond the Tête de Flandres, was completely inundated, and we could easily distinguish the Dutch frigate bearing the admiral's flag, a few miles down the Scheldt. Chassé's chief object, in inundating the whole of the country on the other bank of the river, was to protect the Tête de Flandres and the other forts on that side from attack on the part of General Sebastiani's division, which was about ten miles off. Our view from this church was

a complete panorama of the surrounding country, and well rewarded us for our trouble in ascending the nearly perpendicular staircase of the tower.

December 18th.—This morning the rain had entirely ceased, and the firing on both sides was kept up again more briskly: it, therefore, presented a very inviting opportunity to revisit the trenches; and, after breakfast, Captain B. very kindly offered to conduct us as far as the breach of St. Laurent. Lord R., Captain P., and myself, therefore set out under his command. We entered at the opening of the trenches leading from the town of Berchem, and had advanced a very short distance before we met some killed and wounded men, carried by their comrades on *brancards*. One appeared quite dead,

his face being ghastly pale, and his mouth stained with blood, with his face exposed, lying on his back. Another was almost entirely covered up, lying on his face, and blood dropping very fast as they carried him along: he appeared to be mortally wounded, but not quite dead. This afflicting sight was only sufficient to make us reflect for a few moments on the imprudence of our excursion, but had no effect on our determination to advance and see as much as we could, without running any very unnecessary risk. As we approached nearer the citadel, shots passed overhead more frequently, and struck the trees and ruins of the buildings on each side, as we walked along. There was, however, much less danger than would naturally have been conceived, the trenches being so beautifully

cut that, except from shells, they were nearly secure. We proceeded through the zigzag, which was filled with soldiers on duty, and part of the trench which we had to pass seemed much cut up by shells. The men who were placed near it said they constantly fell there, and that if we were determined to pass on, we must do it as quickly as possible. We, therefore, hurried by it, and having safely passed the most dangerous part, soon came in sight of the breach of St. Laurent. This was a most striking and interesting sight. A passage was cut down to the edge of the ditch, and there we found fascines thrown across it to make a sound footing for the assaulting party, and a wall of fascines built up on the right of it to protect them as they were advancing from the fire of the

citadel, the ditch along the left face of it being enfiladed by a battery, which played from the bastion of Toledo. We ran across, and soon found ourselves ascending the memorable breach, through which we passed, and entered a hollow passage leading to a covered-way that the Dutch had erected, and there we found several soldiers sitting together, laughing and amusing themselves. Having crawled up the side of the bank, we peeped through the sand-bags which were placed at the top, and could distinctly see the rampart of the citadel, which was not above fifty or sixty yards from us. The soldiers pressed us much to take our caps off as we were looking through the holes, fearing that if the enemy saw us they would immediately commence a fire in that direction. We

gave them some money, and they seemed highly delighted, calling us "*Des braves gens;*" and when I added that I hoped some day they would all be made marshals, one of them exclaimed, "*Oh! non, Monsieur, nous n'espérons que la victoire,*" and seemed much amused with my good wishes. A little below this, on looking along the side of the escarp, we could see masses of soldiers working behind the bank, but completely protected from the fire of the citadel. A few yards from us, on the other side of the ditch, a dead Dutchman was lying on the counterscarp, who had been killed at the taking of St. Laurent, and having fallen on a spot which was very much exposed to fire, they were obliged to leave him, not daring to bring him away and bury him, which was other-

wise always done as soon as possible. We returned by nearly the same point as that by which we had entered, except that we passed for a few minutes into the battery of Montebello. A vast number of shells appeared to have fallen into it, and on each side had made large deep holes in the ground wherever they exploded. Two fell not far from us as we were coming away, and one near a group of soldiers, who ran in all directions behind the banks in order to protect themselves from its mischief.

December 19th.—A most beautiful day, with a little frost, greeted us as we assembled for breakfast. The markets went on every morning for some distance down the street, opposite to our hotel, where the peasant women assembled with fruit, vege-

tables, &c. I used frequently to admire their picturesque costume, consisting of little straw bonnets over the most richly worked caps, which fell low on each side and quite covered the cheeks. Our chief conversation at the breakfast table was as to the probable duration of the siege, and Colonel W. S., Colonel C., and Captain B., who were the only members of our party who, from experience, could accurately hazard an opinion, were all decidedly agreed that it would be over in a few days. Our morning repast being finished, Colonel W. S. and myself drove out to Colonel Caradoc's. His villa was about three miles off; the approach to which, in some places, was almost impassable, from the depth of

mud on the road. We arrived, however, after walking the last mile, and were disappointed to find he was not at home, but had gone, early, to breakfast with the Duke of Orleans; we were, therefore, obliged to return without seeing him. At one o'clock, Colonel S., Captain P., and Captain F. accompanied me on our usual visit to the church of St. André. Our patience was tried when we got there, for King Leopold had come a short time before, ascended the tower, and left orders below that nobody should be allowed to go up while he was there. Two or three French officers were also waiting below for permission to ascend. We were detained nearly an hour; and, the church not being particularly remarkable, we

had little to occupy our attention except a beautiful wooden pulpit, most elaborately carved, with a representation of our Saviour's performing the miracle of the draught of fishes. King Leopold had remained upon the tower above two hours, when he descended. We bowed to him as he passed through the church; and, after having witnessed his departure in a carriage, we went up, and found it the clearest day we had seen for enjoying the extensive view. By telescopes we were enabled to distinguish the Dutch and their works in every part of the citadel. It was extraordinary to observe some walking backwards and forwards behind their guns, and others firing them, while the shells from the besieging army constantly fell at a very few yards distance, without

appearing to affect either their motions or their manner: many were in close conversation, and others sitting or lying down, to refresh themselves.

The Dukes of Orleans and Nemours shortly arrived, attended by the Comte de Flahault and several other French officers. They appeared to be remarkably pleasing young men, and seemed to take much interest in the scene, while they had made themselves very popular with the army in general by their manners and constant intercourse with the men. The eldest is Colonel of a regiment of hussars, and the second of a regiment of lancers. They had frequently visited the trenches, and frankly exposed themselves when necessary; and it was said that the Duke of Orleans was remarkably cool and col-

lected in his manner whenever there was the most danger. An anecdote was told of him that had happened a few days before. He was walking along the trench, and a great quantity of shot of all sorts was passing over his head, and, being rather tall, he was more exposed to fire than a shorter man would have been. One or two of the young soldiers who were close to him at the time showed symptoms of nervousness and fear, and whenever the shots passed above they were constantly stooping to screen themselves under the bank; upon which he remarked, as he walked uprightly along, "*Mes amis, ne vous effrayez pas, je suis plus grand que vous;*" which put the smaller men rather to shame.

Our visit this day to the tower was

more satisfactory than before, the atmosphere being so remarkably clear that we could see an amazing distance in every direction. We were so much interested with the singular scene below, that we stood for nearly two hours watching the fire from both sides till it grew too dark to distinguish them any longer.

December 20th.—On leaving my room this morning, I found a French officer breakfasting with Lord R.: he seemed a very agreeable, intelligent man, and gave us a little intelligence respecting the progress of the siege, but did not venture to foretell the day on which the citadel was likely to fall. He had been that morning to the hospital to visit Colonel Morlet of the Engineers, who had been so dreadfully wounded a few days before that there re-

mained little chance of his life. A shell had burst close to him in the trenches, severely wounding his right leg and part of his side. Yet still they had slight hopes of his recovery; he was a brave and clever officer, and much respected by his comrades. General St. Cyr Nugues, who had also been slightly wounded in the shoulder a few days before, he reported to be much better, and spoke with great feeling and interest of the loss which they had sustained in several of their officers during the siege.

Colonel W. S., accompanied by Captain B., went into the trenches, and amused us very much, on his return, with an anecdote that happened to himself. A shell fell close to him as he was walking along among several of the men on duty, and,

in order to protect himself from its explosion, he made for the securest part of the trench, when one of the soldiers, who had observed how judiciously he had placed himself, came laughing up, squeezed into the same place, pushed him out by the elbow, and with a broad grin, exclaimed, "*Ici chacun pour son propre compte, monsieur.*" Colonel S. could not help laughing at the cool and joking manner in which it was done, though it was by no means agreeable to be shoved within the reach of the explosion, which, however, fortunately missed him. I remarked, (as I did whenever I went into the trenches,) the joking and lively manner of the soldiers, who were in the highest spirits, and bearing their hardships with the greatest good humour; and without taking

the slightest notice of the constant shots, though they might have been blown to atoms by them at any moment. Colonel S. had also a very narrow escape in passing through the gorge of St. Laurent, which was a good deal exposed to fire. A cannon shot struck within a foot of him against the ruin of the brick wall, and knocked off a splinter of it, which struck him on the cheek, and gave him a good deal of pain. His account of affairs was highly interesting, but he appeared to think that the artillery had advanced more slowly in their operations than they should have done since his last visit, and were full two days behind the engineers, whose works were admirably executed.

December 21st.—Colonel S. came down

to breakfast this morning, bearing still stronger marks of his wound of yesterday, his face being swelled, and a good deal discoloured. The report had also reached Brussels that he had been mortally wounded, which he heard by letters from Mrs. S., to whom he had written an account of his adventure to save her from unnecessary alarm, the night before.

Colonel Caradoc came into the town, and paid us a visit; he said he had been through the trenches with General Gourgaud, who had been sent from Paris to report on the conduct of the artillery, who were supposed not to have acquitted themselves so well as the engineers, and were not so forward in their operations; but he could not discover anything in his

manner or remarks indicating his dissatisfaction, though it was well known that this was the object of his mission. Marshal Gerard also came to-day into the town with his staff, to pay a visit to King Leopold, and passed by our windows. Numbers of Belgian troopers were frequently passing, but no French were seen, except a few who had obtained permission from the authorities of the town, who were very strict, and would allow none to enter except those who had express orders. The gay and lively scene of soldiers, passing in various directions, was frequently, however, changed into the more melancholy spectacle of the unfortunate wounded men, who were brought in upon *brancards* and carried by our windows to the hospital.

The breaching-battery, which had been

quite ready for twenty-four hours, was mounted this day by the artillery, and commenced firing on the left face of the bastion of Toledo. Two French officers, who were known to Lord R., called upon him that morning, and offered to conduct him to it. He went with them, and was much pleased with his excursion; but while standing in the battery he was exposed to considerable danger, as a cannon ball entered one of the embrasures and passed close by him and the artillerymen at his side, and struck the bank in the rear.

December 22nd.—The weather had by this time become much more dry and settled; and this morning was very fine. Our first object was to take advantage of the clearness of the atmosphere, and go to the church of St. André, to see what impres-

sion the breaching-battery had made, which had been firing salvos all night on the escarp of Toledo. Colonel S. and Captain B., who had been as near as they could get in the trenches, accompanied us, as they there found it almost impossible to ascertain the effect that had been made, from the constant cloud of smoke that enveloped the place. When we got to the top of the tower, however, —being a good deal above the level from which they were firing, and the wind blowing from us,—we could see quite clearly every shot strike, and the fragments of brick and dirt that were thrown up each time. The counter-battery of the French being placed in such a manner that its guns pointed towards one end of the town, we saw several places where the shots had

penetrated the roofs of the houses, and heard them frequently whiz through the air not far from us, though we were too high to be in any danger. Several shots (fired also from the counter-battery) which *ricochéd* on the top of the flank-battery of the citadel, or were ill-directed, passed completely over the end of the town and fell into the Scheldt, and would sometimes bound on its surface for a considerable distance. Several French and other officers had come up that day to look from the tower, King Leopold having returned to Brussels. It was said, that the last time he came to Antwerp, his young queen had made him promise not to go again into the trenches—an injunction to which I believe he adhered, as I had not heard that he so ventured during this visit.

Upon one occasion, when he was entering the town, a French soldier, who was on his way out of the trenches upon a *brancard*, having had both his legs shot off, saw him pass by with his staff, and notwithstanding the suffering that he must have been enduring at the time, he pulled off his cap, and cried out "Vive le Roi!" which pleased the king so much, that he sent him the cross of the legion of honour immediately.

The gallant Dutchmen were firing very briskly all this day, and with great effect, from the flank-battery of Fernando, against the counter-battery of the French. The breach appeared almost practicable; a considerable quantity of earth having rolled down into the ditch, which, at the time, (in consequence of the water having been allowed to run out,) was not more than three feet

deep. We paid our daily fee to the man at the church, and Captain P. accompanied Mr. Larpent and me through the town to the two splendid basins which form the grand dock of the city; very few ships were in it, and no business, or trade, appeared to be going on. During the siege ships were not allowed to enter, or clear out, which occasioned a great loss to all those connected with trade in the place, as we learnt in our frequent visits to the house of Mr. Bailey, a very rich merchant, in the East India trade. He spoke the sentiments of most of the monied people of Antwerp, who were known to be highly in favour of the House of Orange, and to be much disgusted at the unsettled state of affairs. Mr. Bailey was a very obliging man, and had carried on an extensive trade

for many years, having formerly served as an officer in the British Peninsular army. The batteries, all down the river, from where we stood, were armed and defended by Belgians. The firing continued with great vigour all this evening, and appeared much louder, from the incessant play of the battery upon the breach. Nothing new, however, was known. Captain R., of the Life-Guards, who had arrived a few days before, and dined with us several times, joined our party again today, having been in the trenches in the morning. A French officer of engineers also dined with us, who had been on duty all the preceding night.

December 23rd.—When I woke this morning the cannonade was louder than ever, and had continued so during the

whole of the night, as the breaching-battery fired constantly since sunset, and the salvos (which are two or three shots at a time, to make more effect on the wall) naturally occasioned a much greater report than separate guns. Finding nobody at breakfast when I got up, I walked to the reading-room, but I little expected the memorable scene which I was to behold this day. On my return to the hotel, about half-past nine, I remarked that the cannon no longer thundered; and seeing, at the same time, people running in all directions, and evidently communicating something of importance to each other, I concluded that something extraordinary must have happened. On inquiry I found a report had reached the town that the citadel, which had been bravely defended by four thou-

sand Dutchmen against a French army of seventy thousand men for twenty-four days, had hoisted a flag of truce, and sent two officers to the head-quarters of the French army to capitulate with Marshal Gerard.

The news spread like wildfire, and all countenances seemed brightened at the probable termination of the contest, except the officer of French engineers whom I found at breakfast with my companions on my return to the hotel. He seemed to suffer from the bitterest disappointment, as his turn for duty in the trenches came on again this evening, and he was therefore without hope of another opportunity for distinction. I believe he was the only one of our party who did not rejoice at the humane and honourable manner in

which the siege was likely to terminate. We hurried over our breakfast, eager to see the face of the country where the two contending forces were reposing from their labours, and awaiting anxiously the result of the negotiation. General Chassé had hoisted the white flag at nine o'clock, and sent out two officers with a flag of truce to Marshal Gerard, at the head-quarters, during which time, of course, all firing was ordered to cease on both sides, and this gave us an opportunity of witnessing a most extraordinary scene.

We put on our uniforms and proceeded through the Malines gate, and entered the trenches in the rear of Montebello, which is the nearest approach from the town. Crowds of people had already rushed to the entrance, anxious to learn the state of

the negotiation, and attempting to approach the scene of action. Sentinels were placed in all directions, with the strictest orders to let no one enter; so we had some difficulty in getting by the mass of people which had collected, and should have been stopped like the crowd, if we had not presented our orders of admission, given to us by General St. Cyr.

Colonel S. and Captain B., who had made themselves masters of the French works in every direction, undertook to guide our party through the whole line of trenches, commencing at the Lunette St. Laurent; and when we arrived there we mounted the top of it, and had a wonderful view of the scene of action, the state of which it is quite impossible adequately to describe. We could see the shattered

ramparts of the Citadel crowded with the brave Dutch, looking down from all parts of it upon their powerful enemies, some being but a few yards from us; and the advanced posts of the French troops, who, having jumped on the banks of the trenches, covered the face of the ground before them.

It presented a most animated scene, and strikingly different from the concealed and buried position of both armies during the progress of the siege, when over the same tract of country not a living soul was visible. Triumph marked the countenances of the French throughout with the air of self-gratulation which victory ever gives to a conquering army; whilst the Dutch were gazing on them with stern and sullen countenances, bitterly conscious of their unavoidable defeat, but with the proud

consolation that they had kept at bay, for twenty-four days, a picked and chosen army of seventy thousand men, from that mighty empire whose proud banner had once waved in conquest over almost entire Europe.

On advancing over the level ground between the trenches, we found it absolutely ploughed up by shot and shell of every description; there was not a foot of ground that did not show marks of the dreadful havoc which had prevailed. The walls of the Citadel were crumbling into the ditch before the French battery, the bridge and *batardeaux* were destroyed, and those parts of the masonry that still braved the storm of shot, were pierced and penetrated in a thousand places.

The French had attempted, a few nights

before, to cross the ditch and take possession of the raveline between the bastions of Toledo and Paciato, for which purpose they had nearly effected a passage across, by laying down fascines in the water, but were obliged to relinquish the attempt after a considerable loss of men. The remains of this passage were to be seen; and several of the French soldiers, being now no longer called upon to carry on the bloody conflict, walked across, spoke to the Dutchmen who were on the other side, and lit their pipes among them.

From the gorge of St. Laurent we descended into the trenches, passed into the counter-battery, where we found two guns dismounted by the fire from the Dutch, and rendered entirely useless. Innumerable remains of fire-balls lay close to the left

of it, where they had been chiefly thrown from the Citadel, to give light at night-time, and appeared like the remains of a quantity of burnt baskets. Rows of *pierriers* were fixed in many places in the trenches, by which the French threw stones into the Citadel. Occasionally helmets and cuirasses of thick rusty iron were to be seen lying about, which had been used by the sappers and miners to protect them from musket-shot at the head of the sap.

The weather having been very fine during the last three days, the trenches were completely dry, and the French had dug little caves in the sides to sit in and protect themselves from the explosions of shells. In looking from the breaching battery, the breach appeared almost practicable; all the brick wall was shot away

and pounded into dust, and the earth had rolled down into the ditch and nearly filled it half across. From the battery we went into the covert-way which had been cut under it, and which faced the breach. It was a complete tunnel of about six feet square, supported by thick beams of wood, and reaching down to the wall of the counterscarp, which was ready to be pushed down in a moment for the assaulting party to pass through and rush up the breach. We had now seen every important and interesting part of the French works; and those of our own party who had been on service, and knew from experience and personal observation the labours and operations of the engineer department in a besieging army, expressed themselves much gratified with all they

had seen, and spoke in the highest terms of all that the French had executed.

We returned towards the town by the same point as that at which we had entered, and Captain B., Captain P., and I, left the rest of our party. (who returned to the Hotel) and went to Berchem. As we got into the village, the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours with their staff met us in the street, and shortly after Marshal Gerard came with his also in the same direction. Our chief object, however, was to see the Dutch officers who were sent by Chassé to capitulate. After waiting a short time at the gate leading to General St. Cyr's house, they came out attended by a few French officers on foot, and walked to Marshal Gerard's house, where a cabriolet was prepared to receive

them, in which they returned immediately to the Citadel, escorted by several officers on horseback, and by a guard of honour. The moment the Dutch officers left General St. Cyr's house, the French soldiers, who were standing in great numbers close by, rushed and crowded towards them with the most anxious curiosity. The manner of the officers was dignified, but quiet, and they appeared rather amused at the anxiety of the men to see them.

A most disgraceful scene ensued at Antwerp on the return of the officers through the town. Their cabriolet was driving quietly through the streets, when a Belgian approached the side of the vehicle, apparently in the costume of a gentleman, and commenced a tirade of the most abusive language against the Dutch

officers who were in it. A French officer who was riding by its side, perceiving with disgust the conduct of the intruder, pushed his horse forward, struck him a violent blow on his shoulders with the back of his sword, and desired him to desist from his mean and cowardly attack; upon which the individual who had been thus degrading himself, with an affected air of heroism and defiance demanded an apology from the French officer, and declared he would have satisfaction. The latter, however, justly replied, that a man who could be guilty of so ignoble and contemptible a misdemeanour, was not entitled to respect from an officer or a gentleman.

Having now walked for a considerable time, and witnessed a scene of interest

such as we may probably seldom see again, we returned to our hotel in the hope of learning some intelligence respecting the terms on which the contending parties were likely to terminate the negotiation. All sorts of rumours were afloat, and it was said that hostilities were to recommence immediately, as Chassé would not concede to Marshal Gerard's terms. Soon after our return to the hotel, Sir George Hamilton (the Secretary of Legation at Brussels) arrived and joined our party, and told us that he believed the terms were not definitively arranged, and indeed that he had learnt from General Deprez that no treaty was finally agreed to; but that a courier had been despatched to the King of Holland, and till the return of his answer, the French were to occupy

the gates of the Citadel. In this uncertain state of things we passed the rest of the evening, anxiously looking forward to the news of the next day.

About ten o'clock a considerable blaze of light was seen spreading over the hemisphere in the direction of the river, and crowds of people were anxiously running in all directions to learn the cause of it. On arriving at the edge of the river, we distinctly saw the Dutch gun-boats in flames, which had been lying close to the Citadel during the siege. When that surrendered, the crews gallantly set fire to their vessels, and went down the river in open boats, defying the forts occupied on each side by their enemies, and determined not to fall into their hands. Having satisfied our curiosity, we returned to our hotel,

talked over the exciting scenes of the day, and retired to rest to pass a tranquil night undisturbed by the usual roar of cannon.

December 24th.—This promised to be a most interesting day, and I remained in bed no later than eight o'clock. On entering the room our party were all at breakfast, and eagerly waiting for intelligence of what was to happen. Nobody could give us any decided information; but conjectures of all sorts were spread abroad.

The King of the Belgians was expected to arrive every hour from Brussels, and the town presented a most busy and stirring scene. Troops of all sorts were passing in every direction, orderlies with despatches galloping down the streets, multitudes of inhabitants (who had left the town at the

commencement of the siege) were dragging their beds, and every article of furniture, in carts, back to their former abodes. The cellar windows, looking on the street, which had been made splinter-proof throughout the town, were now opening on all sides, and the people seemed to be preparing for a more tranquil state of things, and a return of all their comforts. In the midst of this general movement of the inhabitants, a few *gens-d'armes* came in sight, escorting a waggon, containing several men in sailors' dresses, who proved to be some Dutch seamen, supposed to have belonged to the gun-boats which were burnt the night before, and who, in attempting to go down the river, had been taken prisoners by the French belonging to Sebastiani's division. As soon

as the procession turned into the main street, in front of our hotel, and appeared in sight, the whole mass of people rushed towards the spot, and finding they were Dutchmen, set up the most hideous yells and noises, insulted them in the most cowardly and brutal manner, and, notwithstanding their defenceless situation, pelted them with stones and every sort of missile, whereby one man was severely wounded in the face, so that the blood streamed down his cheeks. My contempt and disgust at the scene I beheld may be conceived, if not described; and I felt as if a nation, whose people could be guilty of such disgraceful conduct, must be unworthy of independence. Colonel Caradoc who was by at the time, and met the vehicle, took off his cap as it passed, and

saluted an officer who was among the prisoners, to show them what was the feeling of an Englishman who witnessed the conduct of their assailants—"les braves Belges."

Sir George Hamilton, who was personally acquainted with the senior surgeon at the hospital, went to call on him, and took Lord B., Captain P., and myself with him, in order that we might see the interior of it, and the many wounded men who had been taken there. As it was one of the sights attendant on a siege, I determined to go, though I did not feel very anxious to witness the sufferings of its wretched inmates. We were first showed into a long room, where a number of beds were placed, about four or five feet from each other, and each of

them supported a wounded man. They were all lying on their backs, with only their faces uncovered, and some of their countenances bearing the impression of approaching death. One man, who seemed the most anxious that the surgeon should come to him, when we entered the room, called to him, and asked him if he thought he had any chance of recovering; the surgeon assured him he was much better, and desired him not to despair. He had had his thigh shot away, and the hip had been taken out of the socket, which was an operation attended with the greatest danger. Sir G. Hamilton went up to his bedside, when the wretched man seized his hand, as he told him he looked well, and would recover; and eagerly asked him again if he really thought he

could hope to live; but no sooner had we left him, than the surgeon turned round to us and said, the poor fellow must die, and probably next day. We passed on to a long room, where the wounded officers were lying on the same sort of beds. Colonel Morlet, of the Engineers (whom I before mentioned) was there, and looked deadly pale; the surgeon had hopes of his recovery, though he was still in the greatest danger. He had been promoted that evening by Marshal Gerard, and received the cross of the legion of honour, which kept up his spirits a good deal. We assured him he looked well, and would recover, for which intelligence he seemed very grateful.

I became almost disgusted with myself, for staying to witness the sufferings

of those unhappy men, who had been maimed and torn to pieces, in a cause which could add no glory to their country, nor, therefore, furnish any consolation to themselves.

Having witnessed the regularity and cleanliness of the interior of the hospital, and satiated our appetites for such horrors, we returned home. Captain P. and I having then attempted to go upon the Esplanade, where we were stopped by the French sentinels, we met Marshal Gerard, accompanied by the young Princes and all his staff, on their return from visiting the interior of the Citadel, where they had been for the first time since the capitulation. They trotted quickly past us, attended by a squadron of dragoons.

Colonel Caradoc, as British Commissioner,

attended by Sir George Hamilton, as his aide-de-camp, proceeded to the Citadel, to obtain an interview with General Chassé. Having entered the gates, which were guarded by a number of French soldiers, they passed through several passages underground, and were introduced to his presence in a casemate, being a small square room, of eight or ten feet wide, with bare walls of stone, and one window. He appeared well in health and spirits, except that he was a good deal crippled by a disease in his legs, which prevented him from moving about much. His table was prepared for dinner, and laid for four people. The moment they entered the room he raised himself as much as he could from the chairs, seized Colonel Caradoc's hands with both of his, in the most cordial and

hearty manner, as if it was a satisfaction to him to meet an Englishman, and treat him as a friend. Having offered them wine and refreshment, and made them sit down with him, he entered into the most interesting conversation respecting the siege, speaking in the highest terms of the devotion of his garrison; saying, that their hardships and privations had been most acute, and that they had defended the place as long as it was tenable. He seemed anxious for the approval and good opinion of the world in general, but particularly of the Duke of Wellington, of whom he spoke in the most enthusiastic terms of admiration and respect. He said, he had served under him, and had had opportunities of witnessing his splendid military talents; and to have his approba-

tion and esteem was all he really wished for. He then begged Colonel Caradoc to make known to him how much he coveted and should honour his good opinion as that of the greatest commander of the age, and that words could not express the admiration he felt for him. Upon which Colonel Caradoc replied, that he had not the honour of corresponding with the Duke, but referred him to Sir G. Hamilton (who had lately had some correspondence with him respecting his estate near Waterloo), and he assured him he should be proud to make any communication to him that he wished. He then asked Sir George to repeat to him the terms of admiration in which he had already spoken of him, and to say, that if he had his approval and esteem, he should be happy. I afterwards heard

that the communication was made to the Duke of Wellington, who replied to him by letter in the most flattering terms, and praising him most highly for his brave defence. Before Colonel Caradoc and Sir G. Hamilton left the room, he told them that if they wished to see the ceremony, his men were going to march out with the honours of war, and lay down their arms before Marshal Gerard, near the Fort du Kiel. They therefore rose, thanked him for his condescending reception of them, and Colonel Caradoc assured him that he should feel proud if he could serve him in any way, as mediator in any of the future arrangements. He said he was only anxious for the good treatment of his men, who had been taken prisoners at St. Laurent and down the river, and that if Colonel Caradoc

would intercede for them with Marshal Gerard, his gratitude would be very great. Colonel Caradoc promised to interest himself in their welfare, and to speak to the Marshal in their behalf.

The garrison marched out under the command of General Favorge (the second in command), laid down their arms in the presence of Gerard and his staff, and returned to the Citadel as prisoners of war. The account of the interview which I have just related, was given me by Sir G. Hamilton, on his return from the Citadel, and is a strict and accurate report of what took place.

December 25th.—Yesterday evening, the Comte de Flahault very kindly sent to me to say, that, if I wished it, he would obtain permission for me to go into the Cita-

del the next day. I therefore gladly accepted the offer, and arose this morning early, in order to be in time to meet General Boudrond, who had good-naturedly promised Count Flahault to take me in his suite this morning at eight o'clock. The General was not quite ready when I arrived at his house; and I found several French officers also waiting to go with him. Having remained a few minutes till he was ready, we all set out on foot, and walked across the esplanade, where we found many spots on which the shells and cannon-shot that were ill-directed by the French had fallen, after having passed over the Citadel from the batteries on the other side. We then entered a gate leading through some high rails, on the right of the ravelin, by the rear of which we passed to the foot of

the draw-bridge, which led us across to the great gate, and we soon found ourselves within the walls of the fortress. A French general was placed at the gate, and had the command of a battalion of infantry, who were picketted in small bodies at different points of the Citadel. On our entrance, a number of the Dutch soldiers crowded towards us with anxious curiosity, and many of them appeared to be the youngest men I ever saw enlisted. We found them collected in groups in every part, and watching us wherever we went; but I remarked, that the older soldiers, most of whom were decorated with orders, kept aloof from their younger comrades, and betrayed a sadness and seriousness in their countenances which too well represented the bitterness of their reflections. I found

that one order which they wore was a cross given to those who were present at the battle of Louvain, where the "braves Belges" ran away to a man, leaving their newly-elected sovereign standing by himself on the field, who had vainly attempted to rally his army by his own example.

It is impossible to give the reader an accurate idea of the appearance of the interior of the Citadel; but when I say that there was not a foot's space of ground or building that was not shattered or pierced by shot or shell, I am confident I speak within bounds. The only remains of the buildings were a few bare walls, and, occasionally, a part of the roof, perforated with innumerable holes. The church, the barrack, the general's and officers' houses, were all heaps of ruins. Cannon-balls

and splinters were strewed and scattered among the broken earth, which had been everywhere ploughed up by the explosion of the shells. On the right, as we entered, we saw a place where the "monstre bombe" had fallen. It had made an immense excavation, having the appearance of a place from whence an enormous tree had been uprooted; and the Dutchman who showed it to us said, that none of them could imagine what it was when it fell and exploded, but that, from its size, they fancied it must be something dropped upon them from heaven.

We found most of the blindages entirely destroyed, and many of the batteries in a helpless condition: in several places they were crushed down upon the guns, and several of the latter were lying completely

dismounted, with their wheels and carriages broken to pieces. The casemates were made underground, opening into little square yards, twenty feet below the surface of the Citadel. We descended into them by ladders, and found them in the most wretchedly filthy state, showing what the miserable existence of their inmates must have been for a length of time. We went into an officer's casemate, which was a small square room, with two or three beds, situated within the crowded place allotted to the men. General Favorge was there, and invited us to come in, which we did, notwithstanding the close, putrid atmosphere which we encountered as we passed through the approaches leading to it. He told us how gallantly the troops had behaved, what hardships they had en-

dured, and that, if their master the King of Holland had required it, they would have stood the assault, and defended the breach to the last man. He seemed a very intelligent little officer, full of vigour and zeal in his cause. All the French officers with whom I went in seemed convinced that the place had been defended as long as it was practicable; and in speaking to the Dutch officers as they passed by, complimented them on their gallant conduct, and acknowledged they had made a most honourable defence. On the farther side of the Citadel we saw a musket sticking in the water, with the stock uppermost, and were told it had been thrown in by one of their men (as they marched out the day before to lay down their arms), who could not bear to

go through the humiliating form of resigning his weapon to the enemy.

Having made the complete tour of the Citadel, we returned towards the Hospital, and met a number of wounded men being carried away from it on brancards, or leaning on the arms of their comrades. Some were in a dreadfully lacerated state. They were carrying those who were well enough to be moved, to the Tête de Flandres, and into Antwerp, to give more room to the wretched creatures who were left to die. The surgeon took us into the hospital, which was a sort of gallery underground, supported by beams and pillars, where the picture was truly dreadful. Groans and lamentations from all parts of it were heard; and the beds, which were on the floor, were so close to

one another, that each sufferer must have witnessed the tortures of those around him on all sides, when his own wounds granted him a momentary respite from pain. Part of the building being struck by shells, threatened to fall through upon its wretched inmates, and bury them in its ruins. The whole was lighted up by a few candles, there being no windows or opening except the doors, which were also protected by a wall before them, forming a passage to its entrance. Many were suffering the last agonies of death, and gazing upon us with a ghastly expression. Some of the wounds caused by the explosion of shells were described as dreadful; and one poor creature was pointed out to us who had lost both his legs and an arm in that way.

Having thus seen the whole interior of the citadel, the state of which I have vainly attempted to describe, we all returned to the town; and, having thanked General Boudrond for his kindness in taking me with him, I left the party and proceeded to the hotel, to prepare for my immediate departure. Captain P. decided to come with me, as there was so much difficulty in getting admission to the citadel. We, therefore, left Antwerp in his carriage at two o'clock, and arrived at the Hotel de Belle Vue, at Brussels, at half-past five.

My chief object was now to get back as soon as possible to England; but I determined to sacrifice one more day to the field of Waterloo. We therefore hired a calèche, and, having left Brussels

at half past eight o'clock this morning, December 26th, arrived at Waterloo at about ten. Captain P., who had been there three times before, kindly explained the positions of each army, so that with his assistance, and that of the guide, called Martin Pissou, who lives in a cottage close to the Belgic Lion, I was soon made accurately acquainted with this interesting and classic ground. We ascended the mound where the lion stands, went over the whole field of battle, and then started in our carriages on our return to Brussels, which we reached at five o'clock.

Lord R. arrived this night from Antwerp, after having obtained admittance to the citadel, and therefore he, Mr. S. and I, hired a carriage next day, started

at two o'clock, and arrived at Ostend at half-past one the following morning.

December 29th.—We embarked in the steam-boat, at nine o'clock, and arrived at Dover in seven hours. As soon as I had passed my luggage through the Custom-house, I started for London, and arrived there at six o'clock on the morning of the 30th.

Thus ended my agreeable and interesting expedition to this memorable siege, whence I derived more military knowledge and information, and more personal pleasure and enjoyment, than can be often compassed in so short a space of time; and having been too young to bear my part among such events in the ranks of my own countrymen, it will ever be to me a gratifying reflection, that I have thus

witnessed one of the few exciting scenes of warfare which, in these days, fall to the lot of any English soldier.

The siege of Antwerp will probably occupy a conspicuous page in the history of the present times. It will derive more celebrity, perhaps, from the political circumstances which led to it, and the profound peace which elsewhere prevailed, than from any peculiar features or intrinsic interest of a military character. The merits of the attack and defence have been weighed under the influence of the former considerations, and, in general, the sympathy of the English has been heartily extended to the gallant old chief-

tain and his loyal band, shut up in their narrow fortress, and bravely resisting an overwhelming force, in obedience to the commands of their country. In a work of this nature, it is not intended to enter into any professional and detailed examination of the conduct of the two parties. A few remarks are offered in a spirit of strict impartiality, and a few anecdotes added, to illustrate, on the one hand, the military qualities and character of the French, and, on the other, the loyalty and devotion of the Dutch. It is to be hoped that this dispassionate view of the subject will be found to do justice to the military renown of our ancient enemy, and not disappoint the generous sympathy and admiration which has been so universally excited for our ancient ally.

It is unnecessary to allude to the political events which brought about the recent contest, further than to notice, that both parties had been for two years aware of the probability of its occurrence, and might consequently, therefore, be supposed to be amply prepared for the attack and defence.

The French army doubtless keenly anticipated an event, that should once more call into exercise their martial spirit, and enable them again to march under their favourite banner. There were many who had survived and participated in the gallant achievements of their former days —men, to whom military renown was, indeed, as the very "breath of their nostrils;" with whom war was their sole occupation, and whose spirits were fretting and

consuming away in inactivity and obscurity. There were others fresh starting on their military career, who, with equal eagerness, but far warmer hopes, and higher expectations, joyfully hailed the first promise of hostilities. The series of reverses that had rapidly preceded the downfal of the empire were forgotten in the recollection of the many and glorious victories that had been achieved during its meridian splendour; and the essentially military character of the nation backed the eager spirit of the army, and assisted in giving an importance to the approaching campaign, that would have been denied to it had it occurred in the palmy days of their imperial leader. But notwithstanding the real eagerness with which the event was anticipated, and the for-

midable preparations to ensure success, the army, in general, spoke lightly of the affair. It was to be "une petite promenade de quinze jours"—a rustling of banners—a glancing of plumes—and a few interchanges of war compliments. It would merely afford the two young Princes an opportunity of winning golden spurs, and "golden opinions;" rouse the old soldier from his inglorious repose, and stay the craving of his heart, and give assurance to all Europe, that the military energies of the nation were in their full efficiency and vigour.

The engineers, with equal confidence, but sounder judgment, looked to a successful issue of the campaign. Their ardour was no whit inferior to that of any other branch of the army; but, taught by

their profession to apply the principles of science to all military operations, they calculated with precision the day when the "promenade" ought to terminate, and the result proved the soundness of their calculation. To this branch of the service, indeed, the affair was one of great and immediate interest.

It was desirable that the contest should be conducted with the least possible effusion of blood, but brought as speedily as possible to a termination. It has already been stated, that there existed between the two belligerents few of the usual provocatives that inflame the stern and angry passions; and that the war, if war it is to be called, was merely to settle one specific point, the sole aim and end of all the hostilities. If ever, therefore, there was a

desirable occasion, when the science of an army was to be preferred to its physical energies, the present afforded it; and, perhaps, there are few instances on record, where science obtained a more complete triumph. The actual operations of the attack were those of General Haxo and his *corps du génie*, subsidiary to whom were the infantry and artillery.

The real force of the French army has been variously stated, but there are grounds for believing that the "Army of the North" was not less than 70,000 strong, and that 12,000 of the number were cavalry. The amount, at first, appears to be greatly disproportioned to the object. The opposing force could not, at the most, exceed 5000 men, while, according to the highest military authori-

ties, half that number ought to have been sufficient to garrison the Citadel. Moreover, the French were within five days march of their own country, with a friendly country in their rear and around them, and with facilities of obtaining ample means and assistance, should their own complete equipment fail. But only a fraction of this large force was employed in the attack, the rest occupied detached and even distant positions, to secure the uninterrupted progress of the operations before the Citadel. A part of the force was pushed on to the Belgian frontier, and ostensibly watched only the movement of the Dutch army; but probably, at the same time, jealously guarded against any collision between the Dutch and Belgians. This latter circumstance might be reason-

ably feared, considering that the Belgians were yet smarting under the disgrace of their Louvain defeat. It was of political importance that the affair should be speedily arranged, and that all overt acts of hostility should be confined to the capture of the Citadel and its dependencies. It was understood that a separate treaty of co-operation existed between France and Belgium, to be acted on in the event of the army of the King of Holland advancing towards the country of the latter; and thus every precaution seemed to have been taken to ensure the success of the enterprise. The amount of the French force, therefore, is not to be estimated in reference only to the capture of the Citadel. A much smaller force would have been sufficient for this object, provided

there existed a certainty that the Dutch would not attempt to raise the siege; but as the latter circumstance was to be anticipated, it became necessary to guard against such a contingency. The force employed was consequently no greater than the peculiar features of the whole affair demanded, and its amount was fully justified by military policy. With this force, and with the co-operation, if necessary, of the Belgian army, it was easily demonstrable, that the Citadel must yield within a given period; the desired time was thus obtained, and it was left to the engineers so to execute their task, that the operations should be conducted within that period, and at the smallest cost of human life. They performed their office admirably.

The policy that planned and executed the arrangement of this campaign afforded few opportunities to the force immediately employed before the Citadel, for any special efforts of military daring or strategy, beyond what were required from the artillery and engineer departments. If the Dutch general had deemed it necessary to prolong the defence to the utmost, and with his ample garrison to have made repeated sorties, interrupting the works, and harassing the troops in the trenches by every effort and device, there might have been opportunities for gallant skirmishing on both sides. But such a defence, inducing an effusion of blood beyond what the most chivalrous honour could demand on the peculiar occasion, was not to be expected, and its attempt would probably have been

met with increased means of offence on the part of the besiegers. There were, however, opportunities offered for displaying the shrewdness and intelligence of the French soldier, and the admirable adaptation of his spirit to the various incidents of a military life—the ready resource in difficulty—the facility and cheerfulness in establishing the bivouac—the labour lightened by the joyous spirit—the quickness in comprehending and embracing every advantage of offence and defence—and the utter carelessness of the evil which the morrow may bring. But, perhaps the most extraordinary quality in the French soldier is the marked individuality he preserves, notwithstanding his position as one among the hundreds of his regiment and corps, or the tens of thousands of his army.

In all other services the individual is lost in the great mass of the military force; his feelings and character generalized and melted into those of the whole body. But the French soldier, while co-operating with his brethren in the discharge of his military duties, separates himself from them on all other occasions, and assumes the tone and manner of one who, in his single person, affords an unquestionable example of the *militaire*—is of himself all sufficient as a soldier—and who affects to derive no importance from being only one of his high profession. Much of this has been acquired since an early period, from the general estimation in which the service was held in France, and the particular attention paid to individuals who have retired to their native homes after creditably dis-

charging their martial duties. But these feelings of individual pride and consequence were greatly increased and fostered under the republic and the imperial *régime*, when the destinies of the country were ruled by the army, and when "a ray of imperial favour fell on every helmet."

They appear to have been since judiciously watched and directed by the officers, to promote the advantage of the profession —and a proud sense of individual importance is encouraged, and brought to aid the discipline and *morale* of the entire body.

But the presumptuous spirit that such feelings engender is not unattended with some serious disadvantages to the well-working of the whole. If the French soldier is more intelligent, and less of a mere machine than other soldiers, he is also

less amenable to that strict, unswerving discipline that is required by the commander who is desirous of executing a series of manœuvres, the object of each of which may not be very palpable, or itself very encouraging, to the private; the consequence is, that any check to the onward ardour of the soldier, or any reverse, whether apparent or real, frequently causes a sudden and great depression; he is insensible to the full advantage of command and co-operation, and in the failure of his own self-sufficiency he loses confidence in all around him, and falters most where the sterner discipline and steadier nature of the British soldier would call forth an enduring firmness of purpose.

Colonel S. and Captain H. encountered an amusing adventure among the

French soldiers on the night previous to the opening of the trenches. They had been in search of a French officer of high rank throughout the day. Every soldier to whom they applied for a direction, furnished them with very ample and explicit information, which invariably proved to be totally false. The French soldier seemed fully to have adopted the maxim of the Great Frederick, whose horror of "I don't know" is familiar to military recollection.

The consequence of this amusing spirit of romance was to benight the two wanderers without the gates, which closed at half-past five, and to compel them to seek shelter in a *cabaret*. There they found a room filled almost to suffocation with soldiers. Beds were not to be thought of, and, therefore, establishing themselves near

the stove, and calling for such provender as the place afforded, they submitted, like good soldiers, to bivouac for the night in their drenched clothes.

The French party consisted of two band-masters of the 7th and 25th infantry, and a soldier or two from each investing regiment. Singing was the principal occupation of the night, and the songs were generally selected from Beranger: but there was an occasional interruption of this spirit of harmony by a few quarrels;—one of them threatened to be of a serious nature. The parties were an artilleryman and a soldier of the line, between which arms of the service a long-cherished feud seemed to exist. Swords were soon appealed to, and each combatant assumed the attitude and haughty bearing of a *preux chevalier;* but,

to the astonishment of the two strangers, the affair ended in a sort of Irish row without sticks; and two unfortunate artillerymen were mobbed by about a dozen of the opposite faction; the offender was thrown to the ground, and the affair was settled at the expense, on his part, of a bloody nose. Much politeness of manner towards each other, mixed with kindness and deference to the Colonel and his companion, and most amusing gasconading and self-adulation, particularly on the score of courage, marked the intercourse of the party. The bandmasters were frequently referred to in the character of officers, to give a casting vote in any difference of opinion. One of these worthies gave a long and severe reprimand (probably urged with additional piquancy in the presence of strangers) upon one of

the party, a mean-looking little rogue of about five feet in height, for the disgrace he had entailed on the army of the north, by allowing a Belgian officer to defray his beer bill. The deference with which this was listened to by the whole party, as coming from a person wearing a *contre* epaulette, was exceedingly amusing. The overawed culprit stood as much abashed as in the presence of the Marshal himself, and probably felt more deeply punished by his comrades' scornful acquiescence in the justice of the reprimand, than he would have done if it had been administered by the Marshal before his staff.

Colonel S. and Captain H., in their frequent intercourse with the men in the trenches, saw much of their sprightly temper and good humour. There was a

natural and proper jealousy of strangers' visits to the trenches, but the English officers are bound to speak in terms of gratitude for the courtesy and attention they in general received; though there were undoubtedly exceptions,—occasionally on the part of the officers, and even more rarely among the men. It is doubtful, however, whether any other service would have more readily conceded the liberal permission that was ultimately given to the English, from the highest authorities, through the kind interposition of Colonel Caradoc. The men usually recognised the English strangers, whether in plain clothes or in their undress uniform, and touched their caps *en passant*.

This occurred very frequently with the 7th, 18th, and 65th regiments, which may

probably be accounted for by their having been formerly stationed in the neighbourhood of Calais and Boulogne, and familiarized with the English. There were of course several good humoured jokes at the expense of the strangers; such as " Ah ça! encore nos amateurs. Dites-moi donc, Caporal; est-ce que ces Messieurs voyagent pour la santé?" There was one standing joke which produced much applause—" Gare à bombe! gare à bombe!" and when, from the frequency of such missiles, no change appeared in the countenance or movement of those to be frightened, it usually drew down a compliment on the strangers and themselves.—" Ah ça! ils ne sont pas peureux, ces gens-là.—Ils sont comme nous autres Français." In return *Cigars de la Havanne* were dis-

tributed, and a sip of *eau de vie* offered in acknowledgment from a captain or subaltern out of his campaigning bottle.

The troops in the parallels, or places of arms, near the defences, constantly maintained a vigilant observation on the operations of the Dutch, while the greater number were seated on the berm, or step, at the bottom of the bank, ready for immediate exertion; others had ascended the second step and were watching the enemy through the apertures formed by the sand-bags. The manner in which one of these sentries discharged this duty will illustrate the intelligence of the French soldier. It is to be observed that the crest, or top of the parapet, or bank, of the trench, is lined with small bags of sand, about eighteen inches long, and five

or six in breadth and depth. Two are placed lengthwise, towards the defences, and the third above and across them, so as to make an aperture of about four inches for the soldier to fire through. The man in question lay flat against the bank, filling up the aperture with his face, so that no light should be seen between the bags; he then indicated by a motion of his hand, to the officer below him, any particular movement of consequence: or if he found it necessary to communicate verbally to the officer, he moved his head round so cautiously, as to keep the aperture still perfectly closed.

In several parts of the trench, in the counterguard, the French employed a long musket, called a *fusil de rempart*, fixed with a swivel on a post, and directed

against some particular part of the citadel. The soldier formed a sort of hut, or cave, which was covered at top with faggots, sand-bags, and earth, in which he nestled throughout the twenty-four hours: eating, drinking, and joking, but ever and anon casting a quick jealous glance through the small aperture, and discharging his piece at any person that presented himself. One of these campaigning alcoves was also constructed in the counter-battery within sixty yards of the Citadel, and occupied by a small party quietly smoking their pipes. Both Colonel W. S. and Colonel Colin C. who had witnessed sieges in the Peninsula, expressed their approbation of the ready resource and quickness of the French on these various occasions, and their admiration of their many soldier-like

qualities; but always qualified their commendations with a proud comparison of the higher and more stable quality of their own countrymen. Colonel W. S. was much pleased with the French artillery in their *personnel* and equipments, but from the experience of long service, objected to their ordnance of brass. It is singular, that notwithstanding the often proved inefficiency of this metal for the purposes of a siege, the French should still persist in its use. It is obvious that the fire should be as rapid as possible throughout the day, that the damage effected may be such as cannot be repaired during the night by the besieged. In the Peninsula, two and even three hundred rounds have been fired during the day from the English iron guns, but on the present occasion,

scarcely more than sixty rounds were obtained from the French ordnance; and it appeared that even this moderate allowance had injured it. There is a prejudice against the iron gun, from the imperfection either of the native metal, or of its fabrication; but if the French condescended to follow the example of all other nations, some one of their neighbours would be found to supply an unexceptionable article of iron.

The force of ordnance brought up to the siege seems to have been arranged nearly on their own scale, regulating the theory of an equipment for such a service: but it appeared, from some causes not very distinctly understood by the uninitiated, that the complement was not found sufficient; additional supplies of *personnel* were drawn

from France, and mortars supplied by the Belgians; and one battery was manned entirely by the artillery of that nation. There was also a strong rumour current, that a difference existed between the artillery and engineer departments; and that it had its origin in the two chiefs. The engineers complained that the artillery were always nearly twenty-four hours behind them. It is certain that an unusual delay occurred in completing and arming the batteries, the sole execution of which is, contrary to the custom in our service, entrusted to the artillery.

The state of the trenches, owing to the badness of the weather, lightness of the soil, and difficulty of drainage, afforded some excuse for delay in the transport of the ordnance—and here, perhaps, the en-

gineers were not free from error. Had the trenches been made wider and shallower, they might have been more readily drained, at the same time that equal cover might have been procured for the troops. It is true that the broader the trenches were constructed, the more open they were to receive the shells; but the efficiency of these projectiles was much weakened by the soft ground in which they plunged.

The artillery constructed their batteries admirably, supporting the sides with gabions, or baskets, of remarkable weight and strength. General Chassé, in his report, denounces the brutality of the French, in pouring in a tremendous shower of shot and shell, unparalleled, he adds, in the annals of war. This is a compliment to the French artillery, at the

expense of his own better sense; the object of the French was, to pour in every shot and shell at their command, and to induce, by means acknowledged to be thoroughly legitimate in war, the surrender of the Citadel as speedily as possible. The place was not tenanted by the peaceable and industrious citizen, by women and children, but by a gallant band of soldiers, prepared to resist to the death every warlike expedient brought against them. Moreover, the Citadel was or ought to have been supplied with bomb-proof cover for *all* the troops: two years were allowed for those preparations, and, as it was understood, the resources of the nation were placed at the disposal of Chassé.

The same remark may also apply to the use made of the "monster mortar." This

renowned engine was cast at Liege, under the superintendence of General Evain, the Director-General of the Belgian artillery. It weighed about 15,000 lbs., was about five feet in length, and three feet in diameter; required about 30 lbs. of powder to discharge a shell of 900 lbs. weight, and 1000 lbs. when filled. This mortar was quite as legitimate a weapon of offence as any other used on the occasion. The source from whence it was derived, and the means employed to work it, cannot be so well defended. It is understood that General Nieger, the commander of the French artillery, objected to its use, as savouring of the "*moyenne age.*" It was certainly no compliment to his service that it should have been offered by the Belgians. The mortar was fired about eight times, but

with no important results. The enormous weight of this cumbrous machine makes it very doubtful whether it can ever be of general use for sieges.

But the compliment paid by the Dutch General to the practice of the French artillery, was scarcely merited. This arm of the service did not display the efficiency expected from it. Notwithstanding the large amount of ordnance brought against the Citadel, the faces of the works and traverses were not very much injured; and even the blindages, affected by their fire, might have been repaired. The fire of the Dutch artillery was mainly kept under by the infantry.

Previously to the opening of the breaching and counter batteries, a few of the artillery were posted in these works as

tirailleurs, and kept up a sharp fire on the faces of the opposite bastion. There was something characteristic of the recklessness of the soldier in the manner in which this duty was on one occasion observed to have been performed. A smart active young fellow stood on the trail of a gun, watching the appearance of an enemy; and when he had as he supposed successfully discharged his piece, he chuckled with all the glee of a young sportsman who had brought down his bird. It is fair to add, that he watched the approach of a shower of stones from the *pierriers* with the same spirit.

The failure of the artillery in the excellence which was anticipated from them, must be attributed to the inefficiency of their weapons; for both officers and men

toiled well, zealously, and bravely—but their decided inferiority to the British artillery was obvious.

It has already been mentioned that the private soldiers of the two ordnance departments were the choicest men among the whole army—they were strong, and of lofty stature, and with a prouder bearing even than that which so generally belongs to the French soldier,—they were also called on to perform more laborious and perilous duties than the rest. It is of course in the operations of attack and defence that the qualities of these two arms of the military service are more immediately called forth. A general arrange-

ment of the whole force emanated from the head-quarters of the Marshal, but the particular disposition and employment of the troops in the trenches devolved on Lieutenant-General Haxo, the commanding engineer. On him rested the responsibility of forming such covered paths or approaches as would enable the troops to advance, with comparative security, to the outer wall of the ditch, and then to form a passage across it to the foot of the breach, previously made practicable by the fire of the artillery. The serious work of the infantry soldier then commences — the struggle hand to hand—the close and bloody strife in "the imminent deadly breach," and, on ordinary occasions, the final effort to capture the fortress.

Up to the moment of assault the tri-

umph of science over mere physical force is constantly manifested by the engineer. His whole plan of attack is previously arranged, and founded on a former knowledge or a present reconnoissance of the enemy's works and means of defence; and his own ground of operations, and the original design, are subject only to such variations as unforeseen circumstances may require. He traces the parallels and approaches during the night—apportions and directs the labour of his sappers, miners, and other workmen—and is constantly present at the head of the trench, instructing and animating the party.

The engineer, trained by his education to conduct all his operations on the principles of science, is called on to exercise much thought, prompt resource, and cool

judgment, and to feel a weighty responsibility attached to his exertions, while his opponent is usually vigilant to counteract or destroy his efforts. The self-possession and patient courage required on these occasions are qualities not fully appreciated by or palpably obvious to the capacity of the common soldier, and are usually overborne in his estimation by the more exciting and dashing efforts of his own arm of the service.

The field of battle and operations of a siege are strongly contrasted with each other. The former is usually characterized by a series of movements executed in open space—by rapid checks and counter-checks—by the prompt and masterly occupation of important points, and the collision of dense masses. From the

commencement of the strife to its final consummation, the intense interest is sustained throughout; and the same day dawns on the two armies drawn up in array for the contest, and closes on the victor and the vanquished.

It is widely different with the operations of a siege—the one party is intrenched within their ramparts, so disposed as to command every approach—the difficulties of access are increased by broad ditches, swept by cannon, and outworks strengthened by every device of art; every natural advantage is adopted and improved, and every effort of genius is applied, to destroy or diminish any advantage afforded by the country to the opposite party. The besiegers are therefore reduced to the alternative of attempting to secure their object

by a costly sacrifice of life, or by a series of slow and toilsome operations, in which the ardour of the soldier is restrained by the necessity of continued vigilance and labour, and where more of patient endurance is required than of brilliant efforts of courage. An army of 50,000 men against an equal number, may decide the fate of a campaign on the field of battle, between sunrise and sunset; and the progress of the same army may be checked for weeks before a fortress, defended by an enemy whose numbers may not exceed one-tenth the force of the besiegers. Science and experience, however, have so perfected the system of attack, that there is scarcely a fortress in the world that cannot be reduced within a given time, by a competent force, provided there be no relief

or interruption from a third force. The principal object of defence, therefore, in ordinary warfare, is either to hold out in the hope of relief, or, by delay, to check the progress of an army in reference to other military operations: and the absence of either of these two objects of defence is, in a military view, the peculiar feature of the present siege.

The French engineers were aided in their operations on this occasion by many concurrent circumstances in their favour. The materials required, to be obtained in the neighbourhood, were readily and amply supplied by a friendly country; their depôt was well established near the proposed ground of their operations, and protected by an adequate force from any

attack; the existing state of negotiations, previous to any direct hostility, enabled them to reconnoitre minutely and in security the outlines of the defences, and their own ground, and, under cover of the many obstacles that masked their movements, to decide with facility their first line of works; while their right rested on the city of Antwerp, favourable to their cause, and prepared, if necessary, to afford important aid from numerous batteries. The soil yielded easily to their workmen—the weather, though not altogether favourable, was never such as to interrupt their progress—and, finally, the buildings, gardens, and vegetation, that encumbered the defence of the besieged, were converted by the besiegers into additional means of

cover and protection. The personal means of the corps consisted of a body of sappers and miners from eight hundred to nine hundred strong, thirty-six officers, and a chief of the highest reputation throughout the army for science and experience.

Much surprise was expressed that the outwork St. Laurent should not have been taken at an earlier period. It is difficult to assign any satisfactory reason for the delay—the French might have supposed it better strengthened and more strongly manned than afterwards appeared to be the case—it was not till after fourteen days of open trenches that the Lunette fell, and it may, therefore, be considered as having done good service. It must, however, be observed that the engineers pushed

on their trenches beyond the Lunette, while in possession of the Dutch, and completed their works, notwithstanding this delay, in their own given time.

The only novelty in the mode of attack was, in the opinion of experienced officers of the British army who were present, the great use made of infantry in keeping down the fire of the besieged. On reference to the accompanying plan, which will convey a very good general idea of the operations, though it does not profess to be derived from undoubted official authority, it will be seen that the trenches or places of arms near the body of the Citadel are more numerous and closer to each other than elsewhere. These trenches were occupied by the infantry, who narrowly watched

every movement on the Dutch parapets, and kept them clear of combatants by an incessant fire of musketry. This system was acted on to the last, and it is, perhaps, owing to its success that the Dutch were imperfectly acquainted with the operations of the besiegers. It is said the Dutch engineer was not aware of the completion of the breaching and counter-batteries, though only sixty yards from their walls, until each was unmasked by its own fire; and there seems to be some reason to credit the report, since very little attempt was made to injure them before they fired, although there was a formidable battery of eight guns opposed to the counter-battery, which subsequently dismounted two guns in the latter, caused

much slaughter among the artillery, and nearly destroyed it.

At the period of the surrender, the engineers had completed almost every detail that would have been required from them—they had driven two covered galleries or tunnels from the neighbourhood of the breaching-battery to the outer wall of the ditch. In the annexed sketch, the direction of these works is shown. Their intent was to prolong the cover for the troops, while advancing to the passage of the ditch. Their last labours would have been to have filled up a part of the ditch with fascines or fagots, so as to have made a passage of ten or twelve feet in breadth, protected on the side towards the flank of the next bastion with a parapet of the same

materials, to the foot of the breach; and, if deemed requisite, to have carried the parapet of fascines up the slope of the breach; and then to have witnessed the triumph of their labours, as the assaulting troops swept onward to the final struggle.

The loss of the French, up to the period of the surrender of General Chassé, is stated officially at 108 killed, and 695 wounded; amongst whom were 9 officers killed, and 18 wounded. When it is considered that the French operations were confined to a small portion of the front of the Citadel, and that the advantage of a converging fire from extended lines was denied to them; that the trenches were opened three-and-twenty days, and the fire of the Dutch artillery was universally admitted to be excellent, it will, probably,

be easily understood, and readily allowed, that the French engineers did admirably execute their task, and well sustain their high reputation. Their loss in killed and wounded (as well as that of the artillery) much exceeded the proportionate loss sustained by the rest of the army. General Haxo was seen constantly in the trenches, and directed in person the assault on St. Laurent. He was observed in the covered gallery, leading to the ditch of the Citadel, instructing the sappers in the mode of ascertaining the degree of slope requisite to bring it with precision to the edge of the water. His officers, of all ranks, ably supported their gallant old chief, and gave repeated proofs of their zeal and personal courage.

The Dutch force, in occupation of the

Citadel and its outworks, is stated to have consisted of about 4500—a number greatly disproportioned to its object, and calculated rather to embarrass than promote the defence. Notwithstanding that it is desired in this little narrative to avoid all discussions bearing on the political part of the subject, yet it is so interwoven with the rest, and involves so marked an influence, both on the movements of the besieged and of the besiegers, that some reference to it is unavoidable, clearly to understand even the military merits of the case. The object of the besieged was either to offer such a prolonged defence as would gain time for any contingency that might bring about their relief, or a vigorous and determined resistance to the utmost, to mark the sense of the nation

of what they considered an act of gross injustice and spoliation; or simply to make known to the world, that the Citadel surrendered to a force against which it was clearly impossible they could, unaided, offer an effective resistance.

There was nothing that appeared to justify any expectations of relief, and General Chassé's reply to Marshal Gerard's summons implied his determination to act up to the second supposition only. The third supposition was not adopted, and may, therefore, be disposed of with one remark. When the French had completed the batteries of their first parallel, and fired their first gun, all doubt as to the determination of the besiegers must have been at an end; and the certainty of their ultimate success manifest to the be-

sieged, unless they could be relieved. If there really existed not any hope of relief, was it necessary to answer any political purpose, or to create any moral effect, that a single life should be lost on either side?

Looking at the promulgated intention of General Chassé to defend his Citadel to the utmost, without reference to the object in view, we must consider the disposition of his force and means. The Citadel had five bastions, beneath each of which were casemates, or vaulted passages and chambers, proof against the concussion of the usual projectiles employed by besiegers, and capable of containing about 400 men: the whole range affording shelter for 2000 men. This number has been considered by experienced officers fully sufficient for the defence of the Citadel. The

three outworks, viz., the Demi-lune, or Ravelin, the Lunette St. Laurent in front of it, and the Lunette Kiel, near the river, required also to be manned, and five or six hundred men might be distributed among them to advantage; and even a larger number, provided there were the same, or similar, shelter afforded them as existed in the Citadel; there would remain then about 1500 or 2000 men for sorties—for those many enterprising and gallant efforts by which the besiegers are constantly harassed in their trenches, and interrupted in their operations, and which tend mainly to prolong the defence, and give to it a character of great vigour and determination. These objects could alone justify the retaining so large a force in ordinary sieges, and every effort should

then be made to afford temporary cover, or, if time would admit, more permanent protection for the men, from the incessant shower of missiles. But as the character of General Chassé's defence throughout was passive, this supernumerary force was not only unnecessary, but must have proved a serious incumbrance, inasmuch as they uselessly consumed his provisions, and crowded his places of shelter, or were exposed, without adequate advantage, to the enemy's fire. Again, the French, as has been repeatedly observed, were compelled to confine their attack to a small portion of the *enceinte* of the Citadel, and, consequently, there was still less demand than is usual for a large force to guard the several points from surprise. If, however, the General could have been justi-

fied, by the usage of war, in retaining so large a force, he should have employed every means at his disposal to afford shelter for it; and that this was not done is evident, if, as was understood, the General had the resources of his country at command, and two years in which to employ them. It must be obvious, that the large garrison in the Citadel ought only to have been there to prolong the defence by repeated sorties in force; and if the General really intended from the first (as appeared to be the case in the sequel) to offer merely a passive resistance, until the breach was practicable, then he should not have had a single man in the place beyond the number required for such a defence.

Carnot, in his celebrated work, "De la Défense des Places Fortifiés," gives

several striking instances of the confidence that all descriptions of military, whether veteran, or young and inexperienced, derive from the walls of a fortress. But, notwithstanding this high authority, it may be doubted whether the veteran and tried soldier should not be preferred at all times, if available, for the service of a besieged town, when more of passive resistance than of enterprising action is intended.

To the surprise of every body who witnessed the troops captured in the Lunette, they proved to be chiefly mere boys; and the garrison of the Citadel was largely composed of the same class. The outworks, such as the covered way which surrounded the ditch above the outer wall, the ravelins, and the lunettes, were not

strengthened by palisades or strong pickets, nor was the first work occupied and defended by troops.

These circumstances imply a want of science on the part of the engineer, and of intelligence and vigour in the commanding officer, inconsistent with the determined spirit of defiance and resistance expressed in the refusal to surrender. They are errors too palpable to be overlooked in a military estimate of the merits of the defence; and any excuse or palliation must be sought in the instructions under which the General acted.

Notwithstanding the passive character of the defence, a few sorties were made by the Dutch; and, on one occasion, they successfully drove back the covering party, compelled the workmen to retire, and de-

stroyed the work of the night. These efforts were of little use in prolonging the defence, and were merely evidences that the requisites for enterprise were to be found in the garrison.

The defence of the Ravelin was a fair sample of the spirit of the Dutch. It is quite certain that the French received a decided foil before this work, and were compelled to abandon its capture, owing to the vigorous and admirable fire and determined show of resistance on the part of the garrison.

But the want of science in the defence rendered even this gallant and successful effort unavailing. The French, on discovering that there were no guns in the ravelin that could annoy their counter, or

breaching-battery, abandoned every further attack on the work as unnecessary.

At the period of the surrender of the Citadel, the breach had been widened to about 100 feet; but the counter-forts, or inner buttresses, were still standing; and these it was intended to have destroyed from the counter-battery: about ten or twelve feet of the crest or summit of the parapet (the body of earth above the wall) was perpendicular; and the rest of the breach too steep for the ascent of troops; it would probably have taken eighteen or twenty hours to have rendered the ascent practicable;—the Dutch had also a formidable battery of eight guns in the advanced and retired flank of the bastion Fernando, which, if not silenced, would

have swept the ditch to be crossed by the assaulting party, and would have commanded the summit of the breach. The French had constructed a battery against this flank, but had produced no serious effects upon it; the flank, on the contrary, had very much injured the counter-battery, and if the defence had continued, might have destroyed it.

The interior of the Citadel presented to the inexperienced eye an entire mass of ruins; and, at first sight, seemed to justify the full measure of approbation bestowed on the gallant old chief and his devoted followers, for their resistance to the last moment. But, in fact, the real defences of the place were not seriously injured; the parapets and trenches had not suffered much from the direct and ricochet

fire of the French; some of the blindages, or covers to the guns, had been destroyed, and others damaged, but not beyond repair; the casemates, or vaulted chambers for the troops, had not suffered, but afforded protection for an adequate number of men; and there was still a sufficient quantity of ordnance and ammunition for further defence. There appeared also to be a considerable supply of provisions remaining; and the garrison, originally consisting of about 4500 men, lost only, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, between 500 and 600, of which number 122 were killed, 369 wounded, and 70 missing. General Chassé states that there were apprehensions of the water failing—that the clearing of the ditch had drained the wells. If there were really grounds for this appre-

hension, it surely implied a want of foresight not to have guarded against such a casualty. There were also rumours that the garrison were not all stanch to the last; and that the young and inexperienced soldiers were too severely tried by the incessant shower of shot and shell.

The truth is, the transaction had little claim on our admiration as a mere military defence—there was a general want of vigour, enterprise, and science. To the artillery alone was any room afforded for distinction, and this arm of the service was admirably wielded. The rest of the troops had few opportunities of distinguishing themselves, otherwise than by a firm and gallant display of passive courage and a loyal obedience to their commanding officers. Notwithstanding the rumours afloat,

no instance was substantiated of their failing in their duty; and wherever an opportunity was fairly offered, it was crowned with a successful effort of fierce resistance or spirited enterprise.

General Chassé's best excuse for surrendering at the moment at which he did, was the inutility of further defence. He could not be required to stand an assault without the hope of ultimate success. Up to the moment of surrender the affair had been conducted with little animosity on either side; but a fierce and determined resistance in the breach would have provoked every angry and evil passion; and an affair commenced, and hitherto conducted, under the cold influence of diplomacy, might, if General Chassé had obstinately persisted, have terminated in

one of the bloodiest scenes on record. Surely such a consummation could not have been desired by any party or person. General Chassé and his garrison gallantly and loyally discharged their duty to their country, and have well merited the approbation bestowed upon them by their sovereign; but it would be both idle and injudicious to claim any distinguished place for this defence in the annals of military achievement. The absence of any particular merit on the part of the besieged has a corresponding effect on the claims of the besiegers to our admiration. It was little more than an affair of science on the part of the French—the want of vigour, and the little enterprize of the Dutch, afforded few opportunities for any display of either among the French. It

may be observed, that the Dutch, notwithstanding their "molle defence," held out as long as the French engineers expected, and longer than was anticipated by the rest of the army. What would have been the result, if greater energy had been employed by the Dutch? The result would have been precisely the same, but obtained by greater exertions, and a greater cost of life on the part of the French.

The military reader will find a very able article on the subject in the United Service Journal; but it is confidently expected that General Haxo will treat of both the attack and defence minutely and amply in his proposed work.

REFERENCES TO THE PLAN.

BATTERIES.

	24 Pounders.	16 Pounders.	Howitzers.
No. 1	6	0	3
2	0	2	2
3	3	0	2
4	0	3	2
5	6	2	2
6	0	2	2
7	6	2	1
8	0	3	2
9	0	0	6
10	8	0	0
11	4	0	0
12	0	3	0
13	0	4	0
14	6	0	0
15	6	0	0

A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, MORTAR BATTERIES.

CITADEL.

BASTIONS.—*a*, Toledo.
b, Pacioto.
c, Duke.
d, Alva.
e, Fernando.

o o o, Intrenchments within the bastions, intended to receive the besieged, should the breach be carried by storm, and to enable them to make a further defence.

f, the Church.
g, the Magazi..e.
h h h, Curtains, or Ramparts connecting the Bastions.
i i i, Faces of the Bastions.
k k k, Flanks of ditto.

OUTWORKS TO THE CITADEL.

l l l, Ravelins, or Demi-lunes.
m m m, Covert-way or path extending round the Fosse of the Citadel and Ravelins, and protected by a bank of earth from the view of the country.
n n n, Glacis, a gradual slope of the earth, extending from the top, or crest of the bank of the covert way into the surrounding country. This inclination prevents the outer wall of the bastion and curtain from being seen and battered, except from an elevation, or (as in the present instance) in its immediate neighbourhood; and if the slope of the glacis be carried well into the country, and kept clear of obstructions, it enables the besieged to command every approach towards their walls within range of their ordnance, and compels the enemy to advance by trenches.
p p p, The counterscarp, or wall of the fosse opposite to the escape, or wall of the bastions and curtains.
q q, Caponniere, or covered passage, communicating from the Lunette to the covert way of the Ravelin.
r, Batardeau.
s, General Chassé's country-house.
t, Jardin de l'Harmonie.

Attack
of the
Citadel of Antwerp.
by the
FRENCH.
December 1832
CITADEL
BERCHEM

00036827

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